

# The TATLER



APRIL 2, 1958

BYSTANDER



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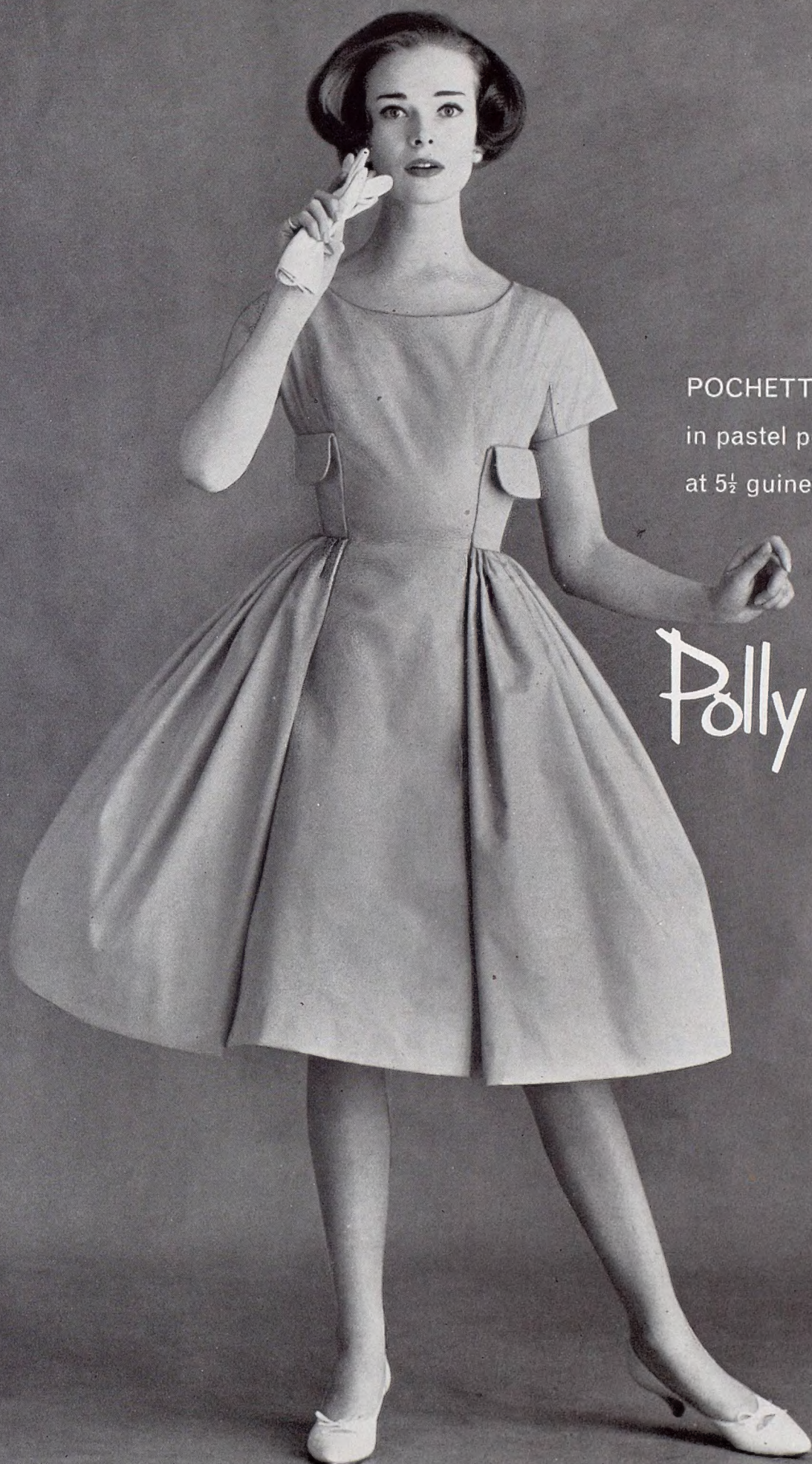
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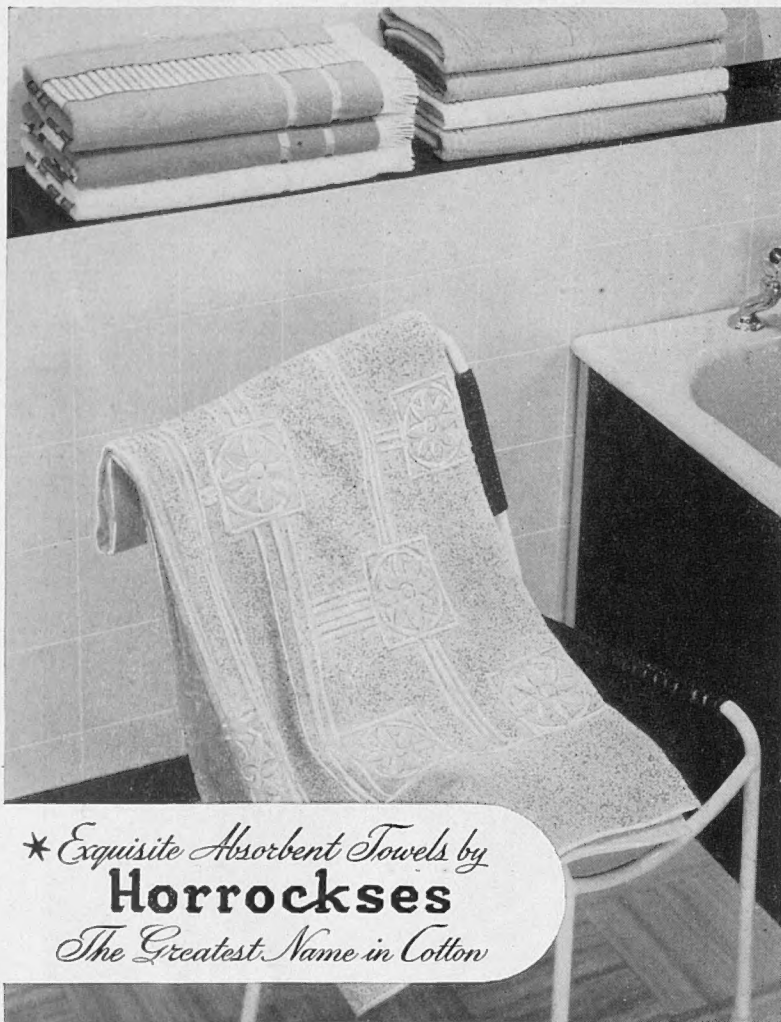


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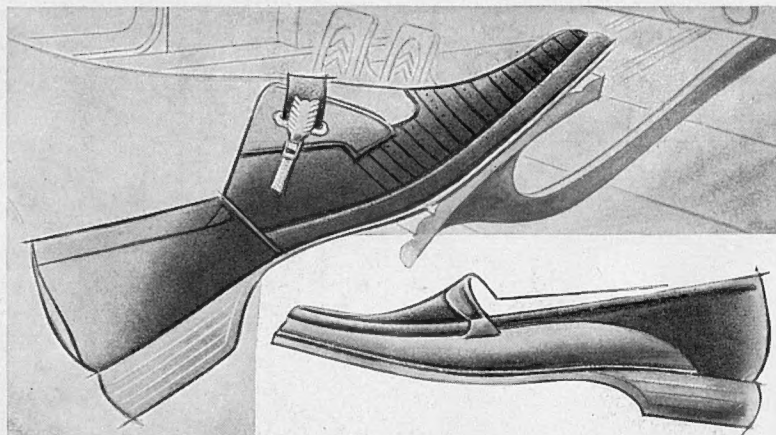
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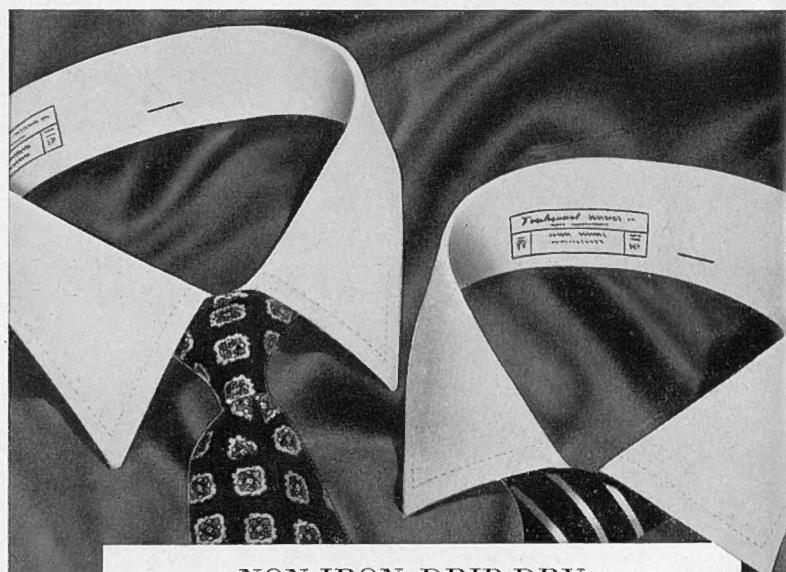


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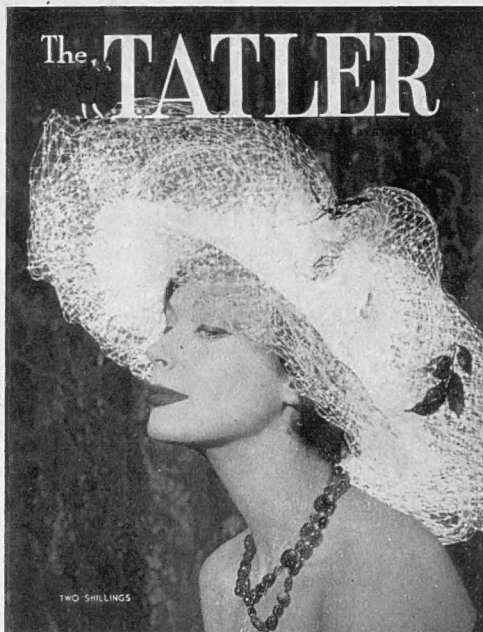
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## Diary of the week

FROM 3 APRIL TO 9 APRIL

### THURSDAY 3 APRIL

**Service:** The Queen and Prince Philip will be present at the Maundy Service at Westminster Abbey.

A recital will be held at 8.15 p.m. at the Royal Festival Hall, by the Oriel String Quartet.

**Opera:** A performance of Puccini's *La Bohème* will be given by the Covent Garden Opera in the Royal Opera House, 7.30 p.m.

**Steeplechasing** at Cheltenham and Southwell.

### FRIDAY 4 APRIL

**Concert:** A Good Friday performance in the Royal Festival Hall of Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* will be given by the London Choral Society and Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by John Tobin, 5 p.m.

### SATURDAY 5 APRIL

**Point-to-Points:** Ashford Valley (Charing), Bramham Moor (Harewood), Brocklesby (Brocklesby Park), Cambridgeshire (Hemingford Abbots), Cottesmore (Whissendine), Essex (Matching Tye), Ledbury (Bushley Park), Linlithgow and Stirlingshire (Oatridge), North Staffordshire (Muckleston), Old Berkeley (Kimble).

**Rowing:** The Boat Race: Oxford v. Cambridge.

**Ballet:** Robert Helpmann will dance as guest artist with the Royal Ballet in the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, 2 p.m.

**Racing** at Kempton Park, Stockton, Warwick. National Hunt: Southwell, Carlisle,

Manchester, Newton Abbott, Plumpton, Towcester.

### SUNDAY 6 APRIL

**Claudio Arrau**, the pianist, with the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Laszlo Somogyi, at the Royal Albert Hall, 7.30 p.m.

### MONDAY 7 APRIL

**Point-to-Points:** Cowdray (Midhurst), East Kent (Aldington), Eggesford (Loosebeare), Eridge (Edenbridge), North Cotswold (Springhill), Old Berkshire (Lockinge), South Notts (Cropwell Bishop), South Shropshire (Eyton-on-Severn), Vine (Hackwood Park).

**Opera:** Verdi's *Aida* at Covent Garden, 7 p.m.

**Racing** at Kempton Park, Newcastle, Birmingham. National Hunt: Carlisle, Manchester, Newton Abbot, Plumpton, Towcester, Hereford, Huntingdon, Market Rasen, West Norfolk Hunt, Wincanton, Chepstow, Uttoxeter, Wetherby.

### TUESDAY 8 APRIL

**Point-to-Points:** Croome (Upton-on-Severn), High Peak Harriers (Flagg Moor).

**Racing** at Birmingham. National Hunt: Chepstow, Uttoxeter, Wetherby.

### WEDNESDAY 9 APRIL

**Recital:** Cambridge University Chamber Ensemble and Bach Singers at the Royal Festival Hall, 8.15 p.m.

**Racing** at Windsor.

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# The TATLER

& BYSTANDER

Vol. CCXXVIII. No. 2960

2 April 1958

TWO SHILLINGS



Barry Swaab

## PERSONALITY

### Annigoni's ADC

CEDRA OSBORNE—that is the name to know if you ever want a portrait painted by Annigoni. It is she who conducts the considerable affairs of the maestro in this country, and does so with an impressive casualness.

Mother of a 12-year-old son and owner of a magnificent Bentley nearly her own age, Mrs. Osborne lives near London's Chalk Farm underground station in a tall house divided into flatlets. It possesses only one telephone—which has a coin-box and stands in the hall. On this instrument she regularly rings Pietro Annigoni, when he is in New York or Florence, putting in a prodigious amount of sixpences and shillings.

The man who has painted the most controversial portraits of the Queen, Prince Philip and Princess Margaret is as outwardly casual over these phone calls. He usually spends his free time in the Tuscan hills, 40 miles outside Florence, in a house without a telephone. Thus he must be summoned to

the local café bar, where he speaks to her against a roar of static and a juke box.

Cedra Osborne's ability not to let such stresses worry her is an asset, for she arranged the sittings for the royal portraits, and had to hold off sightseers.

Mrs. Osborne has been an actress in Ireland (with an Abbey Touring Company), a masseuse in London, and is now producing a book of nursery rhymes set to music, which Annigoni will illustrate. One of his illustrations stands on the piano where she works.

She first met him some years ago, before he was famous, through Juanita Forbes, a cousin by marriage, who is also one of his favourite models. Annigoni said that he wanted someone to look after his interests in London; Cedra Osborne said she wanted a part-time job. Their temperaments did not clash, and they agreed to give each other a trial. It has been satisfactory to them both.





In the Park Suite at the Dorchester the Hon. Lady Lowson received 200 guests with her daughter, Miss Melanie Lowson. Lady Lowson wore a grey dress with the new line, and her daughter pink

## Lady Lowson's luncheon at the Dorchester



Lady Carolyn Townshend, daughter of the Marchioness Townshend, and Miss Elfrida Eden, daughter of Lady (Timothy) Eden

## TWO LONDON PARTIES



Mrs. Capriles with her granddaughter Miss Irene Martinez Salas, for whom she gave a party at her Mayfair home. Miss Salas comes from Caracas, Venezuela



Mr. Morley Fletcher with Miss Rinalda Baird, daughter of Mrs. A. I. Sladen, who is having a joint dance on June 3





Miss Penelope Bradford, daughter of Mrs. G. F. N. Bradford, and Miss Gay Foster, daughter of Mrs. Peter Foster



Miss Diane Kirk, daughter of Mrs. D. Kirk, and Miss Susanna Crawley, daughter of Mrs. K. Cosmo Crawley

Desmond O'Neill

## FOR THE LAST DÉBUTANTES



Miss Penelope Butler-Henderson, whose dance will be on November 19, Mr. John Impey and Miss Jacqueline Ansley

## Mrs. Capriles's cocktails in Grosvenor Square



Mr. Carlos Briceno, Secretary at the Venezuelan Embassy, with Mlle. Sonia Borel from Paris, who is staying with her grandmother in Hertfordshire

A. V. Swaabe



## SOCIAL JOURNAL

# The Queen's Easter at Windsor

by JENNIFER

THE QUEEN and Prince Philip, with Prince Charles and Princess Anne, are spending the Easter holidays at Windsor Castle. This is one of their favourite homes. Here they can go riding as a family party most mornings, often accompanied by Princess Margaret who is at Royal Lodge with the Queen Mother. They can also visit the Home Farm, and lead a normal country life. The week before they left for Windsor Castle, the Queen held three afternoon Presentation parties on consecutive afternoons at Buckingham Palace. With the exception of the much smaller Presentation party for Commonwealth and overseas débutantes—always held just before one of the garden parties in July—these were the last of such parties to be held, so there was a record number of débutantes.

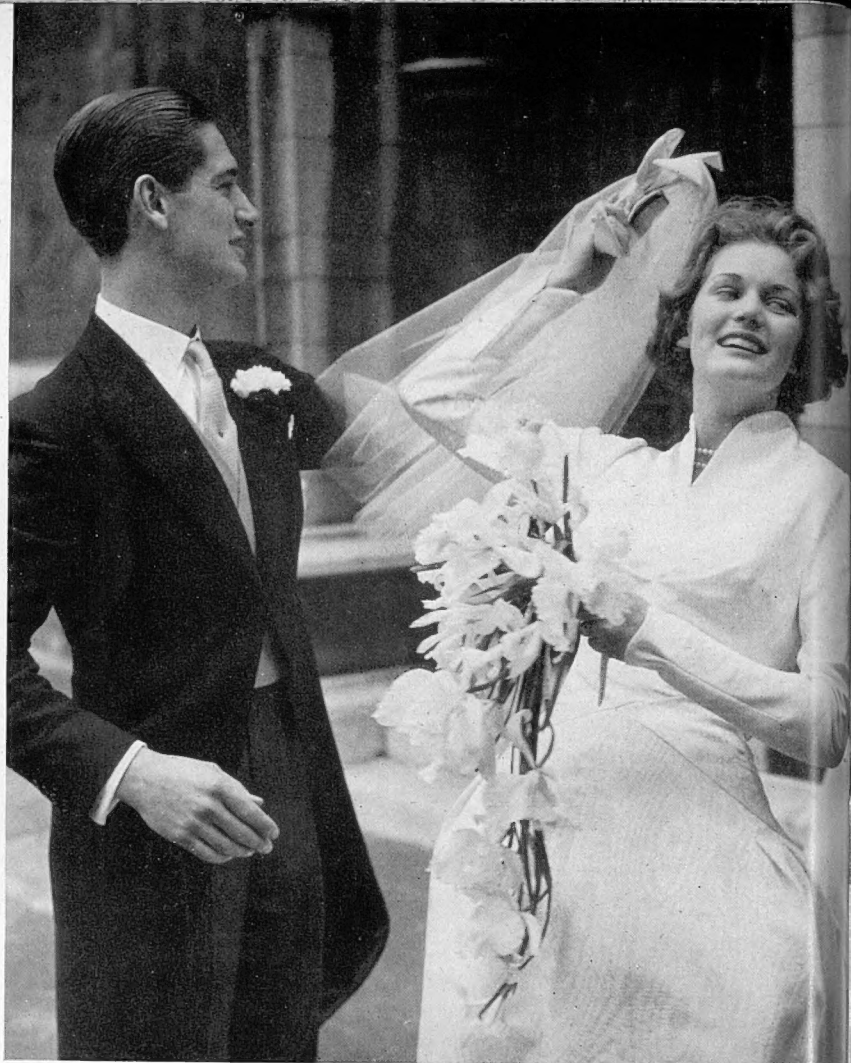
Besides the Royal afternoon parties there were a number of others for débutantes that week. It began with the very gay and amusing cocktail party which was given by Venezuelan Mme. Capriles for her granddaughter Miss Irene Martinez-Salas at her lovely and spacious flat in Grosvenor Square (see pictures on pages 6 and 7). Irene, an attractive girl, looked enchanting in a beautiful dress from Jean Dessès made of cerise silk with the new full and pouched back. Her younger sister Maria Eugenia, who is at school over here, was also at the party, looking sweet in blue.

There were only a few grown-ups; they were Mme. Capriles's niece, Mme. Bianchi, and her husband M. Manuel Bianchi, who was for a number of years Chilean Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. Also the Venezuelan Ambassador and Mme. Dagnino who brought their son Manuel, and the Colombian Ambassadors Senora Sardi, who brought her daughter Ana Sardi. Among other young guests present were Miss Penelope d'Erlanger and her débutante sister Miss Minnie d'Erlanger, the Hon. Camilla Jessel, Miss Eliane de Miramon, Miss Penelope Butler-Henderson a pretty débutante, Miss Gay Foster, Miss Elfrida Eden, Miss Philippa Drummond, Miss Catherine Hawke, Comtesse Idi Woldenstein and Countess Wilhemina Arco.

## A Spanish supper

The young men included Prince Alexander Romanoff, Prince Ludovic Rospigliosi, Mr. Paul Channon, Mr. Martin Armytage, the Hon. John Yarde-Buller, Mr. Michael Dunkerly, the Hon. Michael Spring-Rice, the Hon. Maurice Howard, Mr. Tom Craig, and Mr. Richard Hawkins. After the cocktail party about 40 young people stayed on for a Spanish supper (*paëlla*) and danced until after midnight.

The next date for débutantes was a fork luncheon party given by the



Hon. Lady Lowson for her daughter Melanie (see pages 6 and 7) in the Park Suite at the Dorchester. This was attended by over 200 'young friends of Melanie, who was a splendid hostess with her mother and older sister Gay. Many of the girls at this luncheon party went on to the Berkeley Restaurant where a committee meeting was being held to discuss arrangements for the Berkeley Débutante Dress Show, to be held there on April 28 and 29 in aid of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

The Marchioness Townshend, whose own daughter, Lady Carolyn Townshend, is making her début this year, is chairman of the committee running the dress show, with Countess Cadogan who has been chairman for the past three years, as President. Lady Townshend, who has been a J.P. for a number of years, in a brilliant and beautifully delivered speech said she knew what wonderful work the N.S.P.C.C. does for unfortunate children in this country, and that the whole object of the Dress Show was to make as much money as possible to help them. She appealed to all the young girls present to work as hard as they can selling tickets for the Dress Show and raffle tickets, and getting donations, and on the day itself selling programmes to help this good cause.

Her predecessor, Lady Cadogan, had done wonders raising the net profits from £300 to £900 last year. This time the target is £1,000. M. Pierre Cardin, the brilliant French designer, who was originally with the late Christian Dior and now at 33 years old is one of the new young designers who have dominated the Paris spring collections, is lending part of his collection for the two day show, and the models are to be worn by débutantes. M. Cardin was present at the dress show to choose the girls to wear his clothes.

## The girls drooped their heads

Nearly 50 débutantes paraded, and what struck me, and many other mothers present, was the appalling deportment of most of the girls, who walked badly and slouched along with their heads down. Surely good deportment ought to be one of the most important parts of a girl's education, especially at their finishing schools. Frankly, I was shocked (save for a few exceptions) at the lack of finish in this most important line.

It must have been difficult to make a choice, as there were a number of pretty girls with good figures. From the ones we saw parade, the first dozen I should have chosen would have been, in alphabetical order, Miss Penelope Ballantyne, Miss Christine Carvalho, Miss Mary d'Erlanger, Miss Elfrida Eden, Miss Gay Foster, Miss Diane Kirk, Miss Davina Nutting, Miss Tessa Prain, Miss Penelope Riches, Miss Georgina Home Robertson, Lady Carolyn Townshend, and Miss Alexandra Versen.



The Duchess of Buccleuch and Queensberry posed for my photographer during my trip to Nassau. She was visiting the Governor, Sir Raynor Arthur and Lady Arthur. The duchess lives at Drumlanrig Castle, Thornhill, Scotland





## I go to the Thouron-Stephenson wedding reception

St. Margaret's, Westminster, was the scene of one of the prettiest weddings of the late winter, when Mr. John Julius Thouron and Miss Lesley Stephenson (opposite) were married. Mr. Thouron farms in Gloucestershire, and his

bride is the daughter of one of our best-known racehorse owners. Mr. Hallock Du Pont came over from Delaware for the occasion, and is seen (above left) with Miss Pamela Myers, a bridesmaid. Above centre: The couple's parents,

Mr. J. R. H. Thouron, Mr. John Stephenson, Mrs. L. Thouron and Mrs. Stephenson. Right: Brig. Hugh Leveson-Gower, who proposed the toast of bride and bridegroom, with Mrs. Leveson-Gower. The reception was at Claridge's

From here many of the girls went on to a débutantes' tea party given jointly by Miss Zia Foxwell and Miss Alexandra Bridgewater, who had over 100 friends to tea.

Later that evening Mrs. Henry Wenger and Mrs. Murray Prain gave a joint cocktail party at the Cavalry Club. Their daughters, Celia Wenger and Tessa Prain, are both attractive and natural girls with charming manners and were splendid hostesses, as were their mothers, frequently introducing guests and watching to see that no girls were left grouped together, or young men on their own! Celia wore a very pretty pink satin dress and Tessa was in black. There was a great number of young men at the party including Mr. Philip Prain who had brought a lot of young friends from Cambridge to his sister's party.

### Learning about London

Among the young girls I noticed Miss Diana Hall, a gay and vivacious girl who like the Duchess of Norfolk's débutante daughter, Lady Mary Fitzalan-Howard, is taking the very interesting Look and Learn course with Miss Margaret Godley, which increases one's general knowledge of London and England in an amazing manner. Also there were Miss Caroline Byass, whose mother Mrs. Critchley gave a cocktail party for her in their Eaton Place flat, Miss Melanie Lowson, Miss Zia Foxwell, a tall and attractive girl who had only just returned from Paris, Miss Vivien Keane, Miss Allegra Kent Taylor wearing one of the new trapeze dresses, and Miss Fiona Sprot who had just been chosen to dance in the forthcoming production of *My Fair Lady*. The following evening Mrs. John Mathias gave a very enjoyable cocktail party for her niece Mlle. Hélène de Bosmelet, daughter of the Baronne de Bosmelet, in Rutland Gate. Hélène, who will be staying in London for the season from May 1, with her mother, had been presented that afternoon by Mme. Chauvel, wife of the French Ambassador, and at her party wore her pretty presentation dress of printed taffeta. The same evening Mrs. Barrett gave a party for her attractive daughter Miss Deborah Jowitt at their Kingston House flat. This party, at which a great number of young people were present, went with a tremendous swing. On the next

night after the second Presentation party the evening began with two débutante cocktail parties, one given by Mrs. Kenneth Burness for her daughter Jennifer, a charming girl with great personality, at their home in Cadogan Square, which is spacious and ideal for a party, and another given jointly at the Cavalry Club by Mrs. Arthur Crocker Poole and the Hon. Mrs. Hugh MacDonald, for their attractive daughters Sally Poole and Victoria Nicholson.

Later that evening the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk gave a very small dance for their débutante daughter Lady Mary Howard, which was equally enjoyed by the Duchess's ward Miss Ann Townsend, whom the Duchess presented with her own daughter. Among the large number of young people I met at the two cocktail parties were many I have already mentioned, also Mr. Philip de Laszlo, Mr. Henry Hoare, Mr. Nicholas Gazelee and Mr. Michael Allen (the two latter are with the Household Cavalry at Windsor), Miss Gay Foster, Miss Margaret McKay, Miss Fiona McCarthy, Lady Davina Pepys, in a short black faille and velvet evening dress on her way to Lady Mary Howard's party, Lord Chetwode on leave from the Blues in Cyprus, Mr. Jamie Judd, Mr. Henry Crichton-Stuart, and his cousin Mr. Peregrine Bertie, Miss Jane Durant, Miss Juliet Brackenbury and her brother Robin, Mr. Charles Weatherby, Mr. John Adams, Mr. Gerald Ward, Miss Irene Martinez-Salas and Mr. Richard Nicholson, who came down from Catterick where he is with the 16/5th Lancers (his late father's old regiment) and was busy helping his mother and sister with their guests. Col. Crocker Poole was also there to help his wife and daughter with this very good party, which I found everyone enjoying enormously.



At the Thouron-Stephenson wedding: the bridesmaids, Miss Mary Bogert from Canada and the Hon. Cecily Somerset, with the page John Bates

### A word of sympathy

The Cavalry Club was the scene of yet another débutante cocktail party the following night when Mrs. "Copper" Blackett and Mrs. Brackenbury gave an excellent party for their two daughters Lucinda Blackett and Juliet Brackenbury whom I had met the previous evening.

While writing about all these gay and happy young girls, I am sure that some of them will know that the week was also a sad one for one of their young friends. I would like to say how much my sympathy goes out to an



## JENNIFER *continued*

intelligent and pretty girl, Miss Lois Denny, whose mother, Mrs. Anthony Denny, died on the eve of the Presentation parties as the result of a fall out hunting the previous week-end. Mrs. Denny, a charming personality, came to see me about her daughter's coming out, and had planned it in a quiet and sensible way. From the very short time I knew her, I am sure she will be sadly missed by all her family and many friends.

An exhibition of paintings which many people will enjoy opens at the Cooling Galleries in New Bond Street on April 15, and will continue until the 26th. They are the most recent work of Le Clerc Fowle, and among them are charming landscapes, interiors, flower paintings and portraits. Ann Le Clerc Fowle, who is the wife of Brig. Le Clerc Fowle, has been painting for seven years, and has exhibited at all the main London shows and at the Paris Salon, but this is her first one man exhibition. One of her works, a chiaroscuro called "Head or Heart" which was to have been in the exhibition, has gone to the U.S. instead! It was bought by Mr. and Mrs. Ray Bolger—he is the U.S. stage and television star—who have a fine collection of pictures, and they wanted to take it home with them.

### A wedding at St. Margaret's

Miss Lesley Stephenson made a very pretty bride when she married Mr. John Thouron at St. Margaret's, Westminster. She wore a white moiré brocade dress designed by Norman Hartnell, and a short tulle veil. Her attendants were one page, John Bates, wearing a white silk shirt and long yellow trousers, and six bridesmaids in most attractive dresses of white silk organza over yellow taffeta, and headdresses of yellow ribbon. They were Miss Mary Bogert, who came over from Canada for this special occasion, the Hon. Cecily Somerset who I was told introduced the bride and bridegroom, the Hon. Frances Phillimore, Miss Marianne Ford, Miss Janet Cooper and Miss Pamela Myers.

The bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Stephenson, the latter looking charming in beige, held the reception at Claridge's where I saw the bridegroom's father, Mr. John Thouron, over from Wilmington, U.S.A., his mother, Mrs. Lorna Thouron, and his grandmother, Mrs. Thouron, who also came over from Wilmington. Incidentally the latter was also married at St. Margaret's; she had not been to England for 25 years.

The bridegroom's aunt, Mrs. Ann Goff, was there, and I saw the bride's sister, Mrs. Paddy Gibbs, and her husband. Among other guests were the Marchioness of Reading, Lady Borwick, Lady Shepherd, Sir Harry and Lady Hague and their attractive daughter-in-law Mrs. Derek Hague, Mr. Edwin McAlpine, Mr. and Mrs. "Buster" Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. Darwin and their daughter Jane, Mr. Reggie Ward looking very bronzed after a holiday in St. Moritz, Mr. and Mrs. David McCall, Mrs. Frank Douglas, Mrs. Rennie-O'Mahony, proud at another of her "Cygnets" getting married, Mr. Gerald Ward, Mr. Christopher Hartley, who is being married in Madrid in May, and Mrs. Leveson-Gower with her husband Brig. Hugh Leveson-Gower, who proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom in a brief and amusing speech, to which the bridegroom responded equally briefly in a charming manner. The best man, Mr. Harold du Pont, who had come over from the U.S., also said a few words wishing them happiness.

### Miss Sweeny's engagement party

The Duchess of Argyll gave a cocktail party at her home in Upper Grosvenor Street to celebrate the engagement of her daughter Miss Frances Sweeny to the Duke of Rutland, and to enable some of the friends of both families to meet. The Duke of Argyll was there helping his wife look after the guests, who included the Israel Ambassador and Mme. Elath, who had been so helpful over the recent interesting trip the Duchess of Argyll, Frances and the Duke of Rutland took to the Middle East. It was in Israel that Charles Rutland and Frances Sweeny got engaged. Also at the party were the Dowager Duchess of Rutland, Mary Duchess of Devonshire, Sir Robert and Lady Isabel Throckmorton, Mr. Raimond and Lady Elizabeth von Hofmannsthal, Lt.-Col. Niall and Lady Jean Rankin, the latter looking bronzed and well after her round the world trip with the Queen Mother, Vicomte d'Orthez, Mrs. John Ryan, Mr. Henry Tiarks and Sir Henry Channon, M.P.

Younger friends included the young marrieds Mr. and Mrs. Billy Abel Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Robin Stormonth Darling, and Mr. and Mrs. Jocelyn Stevens, both very bronzed, just back from a wonderful holiday in the Bahamas. Also the Hon. Diana Herbert, Miss Sally Probart Jones, Viscount Lumley, Miss Penelope d'Erlanger, Miss June Ducas and the Hon. Dominic Elliot.

One of our most attractive and certainly one of our most intelligent young marrieds has just taken on her first chairmanship of a charity ball.



**GIFT** This miniature of Lady Hamilton is in a collection presented to the Victory Museum at Portsmouth by Mrs. Maurice Suckling Ward in memory of her husband, last of Nelson's great-grandsons. It was bequeathed to Nelson by Sir William Hamilton.



**GUEST** Princess Birgitta of Sweden is one of 16 unmarried princesses invited by King Baudouin of Belgium to attend a World Fair ball in Brussels in April. A student of gymnastics, she is training in the Swedish mountains.

This is the Hon. Mrs. Hugh Fraser, wife of the M.P. for Staffordshire, and eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Pakenham. She is now working extremely hard in this rôle for the second Annual New Bridge Ball which takes place at the May Fair Hotel on April 23. It is to raise funds for the New Bridge Society, which is a voluntary association of people interested in the resettlement of discharged prisoners.

During the past year numbers of men have been helped to find jobs, given legal aid or advice, and help with spiritual, domestic or material problems through the Society. Lady Pamela Berry is President of the ball, and Lady Shawcross and Mrs. Ian Fleming vice-chairmen, while Mrs. Fraser has got her father to act as honorary treasurer. There are a number of young people helping with the ball, which promises to be a very cheerful and amusing evening. Tickets from the Hon. Mrs. Hugh Fraser, 28a Thurlow Road, Hampstead, N.W.3.

The Catholic Stage Guild are holding their first dance since the war this summer. They have planned a celebrity dinner and ball to be held at the Dorchester on Sunday, May 18. This is to raise funds for the Crusade of Rescue and the Southwark Rescue Society, both of which societies care for homeless and deprived children. Lady Russell, wife of Sir Charles Russell, is chairman of the Ladies' Committee, and tickets for the ball which promises to be a very gay one, with a good cabaret, are obtainable from Messrs. G. S. Lashmar, Ltd., 77 Davies Street, W.1.





# NEWS PORTRAITS

The débutantes'  
last visits  
to the Palace



**GRIMSTON** Miss Elisabeth Grimston, of St. Albans, is the fiancée of Lord Pollington. Aged 18, she was presented at one of the last parties



**BUTLER** Miss Gay Butler, who is 19, was presented by her great-aunt, the Countess of Lanesborough. Miss Butler has her home in Dolphin Square



**MONTAGU-DOUGLAS-SCOTT** Miss Georgina Montagu-Douglas-Scott, was also at the last Presentations. She is a niece of H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester



**DANGERFIELD** Miss Judith Dangerfield, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Dangerfield, of Cranmer Court, Sloane Avenue, London, was presented by her godmother, Mrs. Victor Webb, of Bembridge



**CANNELL** Miss Mary Anne Cannell, British Junior Downhill Ski-ing Champion in 1957, was among those presented. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Cannell, of Tottington Manor, Steyning, Sussex



**PATTINSEN** Miss Louise Pattinsen's presentation occurred on her 17th birthday. Her mother, Mrs. Norman Pattinsen, is giving a cocktail party for her on April 17





PIERRE CARDIN. He designed the Easter bonnet on The TATLER cover this week



GUY LAROCHE. He had a country property to sell. His investment is paying off fast



YVES ST. LAURENT. He had greatness thrust upon him by the death of Dior

Two rising names in couture  
put a new slant on  
an old notion

## The young lions of fashion

by MAUREEN WILLIAMSON

**B**EFORE a young designer dare open a salon he must be backed—or so it is commonly supposed—by at least £30,000. Publicity surrounding the millions of francs poured into the House of Dior by textile-manufacturer Marcel Boussac has strengthened that belief. But is it true? There are facts to suggest that a potential couturier can, even today, set up shop on a shoestring.

Two Frenchmen with the dice apparently loaded heavily against them have recently proved that given a touch of genius, backed by a great deal of knowhow, a new name can in a few years become internationally famous.

Admittedly it has taken Pierre Cardin and Guy Laroche, now aged 37 and 32 respectively, longer to reach their goal than 22-year-old Yves St. Laurent. But in his case, because of the death of Dior, greatness was thrust upon him. Otherwise St. Laurent's name, irrespective of his ability, would have remained unheard-of outside the confined world of the Paris workrooms for many years.

Consider the story of Pierre Cardin, designer of the Easter bonnet on The TATLER cover this week. He is a graduate of the Dior stable, but only made his name after he set up his own House. When after the war Dior left Lelong to start under his own name he gathered around him the best talent he could find. Cardin was one of the team of 13 who produced that first epoch-making Dior collection. One of the most celebrated of those designs was his own creation.

Three years later Cardin broke away and gathered his pennies together to buy a theatrical costumier's business that came on the market. He temporarily renounced *Haute Couture* as such to design brilliant, fantastic costumes for stage and screen. When Dior wanted a fabulous lion's disguise for that flamboyant Bestigui ball in Venice he went to his former pupil.

Inevitably Cardin began, among his fantasia, to make a few suits for private clients. Out of this beginning among the buckram and sequins grew his present couture House. He gambled and took two floors in the Count d'Harcourt's house in the faubourg St. Honoré. There were no millions behind him, but he prospered. Within four years his name has come to rank among the great of the *Couture Parisienne*.

Guy Laroche served his apprenticeship under Jean Dessès, with whom he worked for seven years. He then peeled off to America to build

up his finances, designing in New York for the 7th Avenue clothing manufacturers. Finally, he returned to Paris. He sold his country property, and with the proceeds opened up a workroom with only 40 employees and scant capital in the Avenue Franklin Roosevelt. With three collections behind him he has already become one of the world's most sought-after designers.

Why? How is it possible for these two young men, without the ballyhoo of an organized publicity campaign behind them, to have in so short a time found their names as famous in London and New York as in their native Paris?

Because, while England and America make the finest wholesale clothes in the world, inspiration in design is lacking. It is one thing to know the technicalities of cutting and sizing by the thousand, another to produce a blueprint of what you are going to cut and size. Fashion must change constantly or perish. The manufacturers in Europe and the New World are avid for inspiration, a lead, a line. The demand for originality is immense, the supply minute in comparison. A designer with something to say and who knows how to say it quickly attracts the attention of the world's fashion buyers and press. It is the wholesale manufacturers who today make the fortune of a new house rather than the private client.

Both these young men have their own distinctive "handwriting." They also know their trade. Today, in an increasingly mechanized world, inspiration is at a premium.

Why should Paris have the prerogative of producing the world's leading couturiers? At the dinner given last year by the international press in Paris to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the House of Dior, Dior with his proverbial generosity introduced Pierre Cardin as the coming great *couturier*. Dior's favourite mannequin then appeared wearing the model Pierre had designed for that first historic collection ten years ago, the model that had had the greatest success of all.

"The applause," said the French newspapers, "was thunderous, Pierre in tears, Dior beaming like the *Roi Soleil*. Jupiter had spoken. . . ."

Only in Paris could such a scene take place. Only in France does *Haute Couture* assume national importance.

Surely it is logical that only in such an atmosphere can a *couturier* find his natural outlet.





As the hunting season draws towards its close, Masters and followers from all over the country attended the "Horse and Hound" Ball at Grosvenor House. Above: Mr. Michael Downes, joint-Master of the Garth, receives his prize as winning novice in the horn-blowing, from the Duchess of Norfolk



The experts' section of the competition was won by Mr. B. A. Fletcher, M.F.H. of the Taunton Vale. He is here (left) with Miss Tessa Hankey, talking to Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Marler. There were more than 1,000 guests at this ball, which was for the Animal Health Trust

## The biggest hunt ball of all



The Marchioness of Abergavenny and Major R. Field Marsham. They are joint-Masters of the Eridge Hunt



Mrs. H. Byrne, who wore a green-blue dress, dancing with Lt.-Col. Harry Llewellyn, the show-rider



Lady Davina Pepys, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Cottenham, and Mr. Tom Aldous of the Suffolk



The Hon. Mrs. Derek Allhusen, a keen horsewoman, and Major J. Weller Poley



Desmond O'Neill  
Air Vice-Marshal and Mrs. A. D. Selway, who have just returned from the United States, where the Air Marshal hunted with several local packs



Miss Diana Crossman listens to her brother, Mr. Derek Crossman, practising horn-blowing. He is a former whip of the Cambridge University hunt



Miss Susan Sinclair with her host, Lord Masham, who brought a party. Lord Masham succeeded to the title aged six



An inescapable sound  
is heard these days wherever  
young people congregate.  
Miss Brahms investigates  
this social phenomenon

by CARYL BRAHMS



THE AUTHOR, who usually writes about ballet (*A Seat At The Ballet, &c.*) and is also devoted to opera, recently found herself mixing in skiffle circles

## Youth calls it music...

SKIFFLE is on the way out, or so they say. But as the skiffler puts it, "Oh, Mary, don't ya weep, don't ya moan," for this only means that energetic young men with frenzy in their hair and underprivileged vocal chords will cease piping their slurred folk-songs down the mighty mike, to a lunatic "gee-tar," and take to slouching through "ballads"—love songs, debonnaire or disappointed—with a stronger, slower beat, on that same gee-tar. "Cost forty quid dinnit? Can't go frowning that kinda money in the guttah, can ya?"

The beat will change but the message will be the same.

"Look at me, oh!  
Look at me, oh!  
Look at me, Ah'm sexy!"

These fierce young men, jivers and skiffers in leather jackets and snide suede shoes, and their girl-friends in bright swing-around skirts and candid nylon blouses, squealers to a woman, find their true centre in the Milk Bar. Their Mecca is *The 6.5 Special*—the Saturday evening TV programme aimed at and devoted to the Teenage Jiver, whether his tastes are for skiffle, ballads, country and Western or the dear old-fashioned rock 'n' roll.

The Ted ("Get wiv it, Dad—they don't call us Teddy Boys no more, it's corny!") earns good money at his factory or his barrow and he splashes it about. He and the girl-friend have made record sales soar to an astronomical ceiling and turned Elvis Presley, Frankie Vaughan and Tommy Steele into tin-pan alley tycoons, each artist an industry in his own right.

To get into the Top Ten (the disc-hit list) is a comparatively easy matter, though tens of thousands of new songs never do; but to stay there as Petula Clark recently did for three songs and as Frankie Vaughan has done throughout the last year, requires the push of a bull-dozer, the tenacity of an octopus, together with discs, television

programmes, personal appearances and films. Tommy Steele filmed *The Tommy Steele Story* and *The Duke Wore Jeans*; Terry Dene has made *The Golden Disc*; and there is a buoyant version of *The 6.5 Special* now on the cinema screens. Frankie Vaughan, who has his own promotion outfit, has contracted his friendly voice and not inconsiderable talent for acting to Herbert Wilcox and Anna Neagle. A rash of new record shops comes bustin' out all over.

The Ted has given the dingy old Music Hall a shot in the arm as well. Each week the gang drops into the local Palace of Varieties—sad theatres from which the gilded glory has long peeled off. There they listen to the lucky kids who've been talent-spotted by some acute agent and given *The Treatment*.

The Treatment means a hair-style and a blonde-rinse. With any luck it leads to a spot on *The 6.5 Special*. And so to Fame.

One skiffler—wild Scotsmen won't drag his name into this column—had his hair dyed bright pink as a part of his promotion plan.

It is said that an auld acquaintance meeting him in, no doubt, the Caledonian Road, said, "Why don't ye dye your hair Skye blue, Wee Wullie?"

"What—and look peculiar?"

Because of the cult of the film which starred the tragically fated teenage idol, James Dean, these boys with fierce faces and the squealing girls in fan clubs are sometimes called Dean-agers or Rebels Without Cause. Even more often they turn out to be vocalists without voices. Some genius hit on the bright idea of setting these kids, who have copied Dean's rebellious attitude to life, on-stage to sing the hit-songs that have been successfully recorded by such golden boys as Paul Anka, Pat Boone or Mike Holliday. The kids go manfully through the mystique of gimmick and gesture, while missing-out on the star personality of their idols—"Love me—love me com-plete-lee!" Well...

And this skiffle, this homemade music for public consumption is by no means confined to the Ted Teenager.

I dropped into Riverside 2, the studio



JAMES DEAN, killed in a car crash, has been made a symbol of rebel youth



ELVIS PRESLEY demonstrated that there is money in the strum-and-song recipe





PRINCESS MARGARET is one of several members of the Royal Family with a lively interest in popular music. She listened to a skiffle group during a recent visit to a London youth club

where the B.B.C. were rehearsing the jiving kids in *The 6.5 Special* and found five miniscule skiffers—kid-brothers from Brixton, hugging their gee-tars, lugging their tub-bass and breathing lovingly on their washboard—tough as old boots. “Where do you rehearse?” I asked. “Arter school in our Mums’ ’ouses,” they told me. “Does she mind the noise?” “Ya. Sometimes.” “How did you get on the programme?” “Wrote in, o’course. Gotta naudition.”

Their chore was to supply the music for a notable debut. Little Laurie London, who subsequently made the Top Ten and is currently wowing America with his recording of “He’s Got The Whole World In His Hands,” was appearing on TV for the first time that afternoon. A lively kid with kinky black hair and a phenomenal bent for rhythm. Pages have been written about Little Laurie. How he still goes to school.

How his pocket-money has soared from 2s. 6d. a week to five shillings. How this child of 14 has a personal manager, an impresario, a press promoter and a recording manager. Mozart only had a father.

Not every underprivileged kid who jerks a hip or strums a guitar can afford to buy his Mum a semi-detached villa in a suburb. (I did hear of a Paddington skiffler whose uncle had given him his gee-tar out of a win on the pools. “Set ’im back forty-fi’ quid,” the nephew gloated.) Even so, a number of teenagers who might be most kindly described by Rupert Brooke’s “magnificently unprepared” are earning a great deal of money from sheer animal spirits as entertainers and may well present the Welfare State with another problem when their golden day is over. It will not be a new problem. Have we not many a former choir-boy in our midst whose clear soprano voice took wings leaving him earth-bound at the defensive age. And the shock of ceding his place in the beam of light through the stained-glass window to some piping treble has left the poor chubby

gentleman with a husky great chip on the shoulder for the rest of his days.

There is nothing new about being young, tough and revolutionary. Though the Angry Young Ted has replaced the Angry Old Gentleman or Irate Old Buffer of the nineteenth century, he is not the invention of Mr. John Osborne. He comes of a long, livid, vociferous lineage, onwards from Cain.

In the twenties the Bright Young Things showed the same voracious appetite for bringing themselves to our notice with their Treasure Hunts, their Bottle Parties and their gate-crashings. Their fair-isles were as colourful, their plus fours at least as bizarre, as the leather jackets and tight jeans of the Ted.

Call it skiffle. Define it as “Frustration set to music.” But why condemn it out of hand? Not all skiffers are hooligans or layabouts. There is nothing reprehensible in young people meeting to make music—their kind of music.

And at least it has given a generation a close acquaintance with its folk-songs.



PAT BOONE is thought to be pointing the way back to a revival of the ballad



MICHAEL HOLLIDAY is a new and successful British singer (Boone school)



TOMMY STEELE was the first British performer to emulate Presley’s success



## ROUNDAABOUT

## Remembrance of things past

by STELLA GIBBONS

WHY is the sight of weapons and uniforms that belong to the past so moving? A whole flock of easily-identified feelings and associations fluttered about the display, held recently in a shop-window in Jermyn Street, of naval trappings of a hundred-odd years ago, but recognition did not include complete explanation.

The cocked hat of silky beaver, with its coils of heavy tarnished braid, the coat of darkest blue with epaulettes adorned by three silver stars . . . they were originally designed to strike the observer with respect, touched by fear. Yet the many passers-by who paused, their attention caught for an instant by these relics lent by the National Maritime Museum, in aid of a charity, lingered for longer than they had intended to, and every face wore a softened, musing look.

There were two charming things there; the belt, still touchingly bright in its design of curving leaves on black leather and pretty enough for a girl's waist (on a plain black or a pale orange dress, I think), and the model of the ship *Victoria*, built in 1859 (or launched then, perhaps) and described as "one of the last of the three-deckers." The most touching exhibit, though, was a pair of boots, their tops forlornly bending over and their toes worn into deep creases by the feet of their wearer, on decks that were wet with spray a hundred years ago.

And talking of stagers at things, I think that the most amiable cinema audience in London must be sitting every day watching that balloon careering along, to that hummable tune, across an idealized France. There are small boys, mothers in charge of pony-tailed and twittering little girls, old parsons waiting for June and Lord's, foreign girl students with mountain air still in their complexions, and a good wedge of



THE ROUNDAABOUT AUTHOR this week is the well-known novelist of *Conference at Cold Comfort Farm*. She has also published several collections of poems

those despised souls born between 1900 and 1914 who had almost despaired of finding a film or a play which they could just enjoy, without having to admire it, protest about it, or silently blush for it. And not one single Touchy Young Man.

Farther West, in one small expensive cinema, I shall be surrounded by smart old ladies between 70 and 80, always dressed in the extreme of fashion (already they are wearing the Trapeze Line and their cinnamon or marmalade curls are regimented under Garbo floppers), occasionally accompanied by a pale and fidgety child. Are they Continental grandmamas ("Yes, Grannie on Daddy's side is a Luxembourgian, darling"), who have rashly offered to "have" small Jeremy or Elizabeth for the day and, at their wits' end, have finally taken them to see something highly unsuitable and Swedish? Or ageing beauty specialists, having an afternoon off?

And talking of ageing, I enjoy reading that the style in which my maternal grandfather's house was furnished, which appeared to me, at the age of seven, the height of beauty and elegance, is riding back into fashion. The pale carnations in those long vases of plain glass, the fragile place mats, the "occasional" tables (why occasional I can't think, because the drawing-room contained, or seemed to, about a dozen) with legs of bamboo and surfaces thatched in fine reeds, the wallpapers of broad silver and white stripes, the canework chairs and the brasswork . . . so pretty . . . back they all come, out of the vast thronged lumber-rooms of the Past. And what I used to like were the "Japanese baskets," used when any of the family went away on a short visit.

They were made of straw and one half could be fitted into the other, and, while they were capable of containing a great deal, they weighed next to nothing at all. Their colour, the palest imaginable shining yellow, helped to give them a carefree holiday air, and if you hadn't got a single slim strap to fasten round their middle, you cheerfully tied them up with string.

Luggage is one of the few things that can keep its original dignity, when exposed for sale in a junk-shop. I am an inverted snob about luggage. I like it good, but I like it battered. No labels, of course (we take Peru, Finland, and the Hotel Kubla Khan, Gobi, E., for granted, I hope), but that long scratch might have been ripped by the claws of a baffled tiger as the "boy" tossed the case into the car, just in time, and that deepish tear may be the mark of a spear that, luckily, glanced aside.

I like a knocked-about cigarette case, too. The scars are smaller but they can be even more romantic. "Yes, that was a bullet, actually, that dent; no, those aren't scratches, those are initials and I'd rather not talk about them. . . ." My case is covered in bluish-green raised metal work, which I have always understood to be Russian, and once when I opened it in a Polish restaurant, all the waiters stared in alarm; it was most successful.

But cigarette cases, unlike luggage, look moving when they are displayed for sale in a junk-shop, as do all objects which were once personally owned and now belong to no-one. I remember the group of swords, belonging once to officers who had served in the Crimean War, up for sale in a shop in the High Street of a country town . . . but this is almost where we came in.



BRIGGS

by Graham





Mr. and Mrs. Graham Turner-Laing cut their three-tiered cake at the reception in Chelsea Town Hall after their wedding at Holy Trinity, Brompton. Mrs. Turner-Laing was formerly Miss Gillian Clark, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gavin Clark of the Manor Farm, Hughenden, Bucks, and Mr. Turner-Laing is the son of Mrs. Hubert Raphael and the late Lt.-Cmdr. G. A. Turner-Laing. He was in the Coldstream Guards, and is now in his stepfather's firm in the City

## To Chelsea Town Hall after the wedding



Mrs. Hubert Raphael, mother of the bridegroom, with her husband, his stepfather



Lady Angela Cecil, daughter of the Marquess of Exeter, and her fiancé Mr. William Oswald



Mrs. Stephen Graham, who married recently, was with Miss Tessa Ruscoe. There were about 300 guests



Mr. Tom Hustler was here with Baroness Catherine Van Den Branden de Reeth

Mr. Inaki Ortuzar with the Hon. Clodagh Morris, the younger daughter of Lord Morris. She was one of the bridesmaids







THE TATLER  
& Bystander  
2 April  
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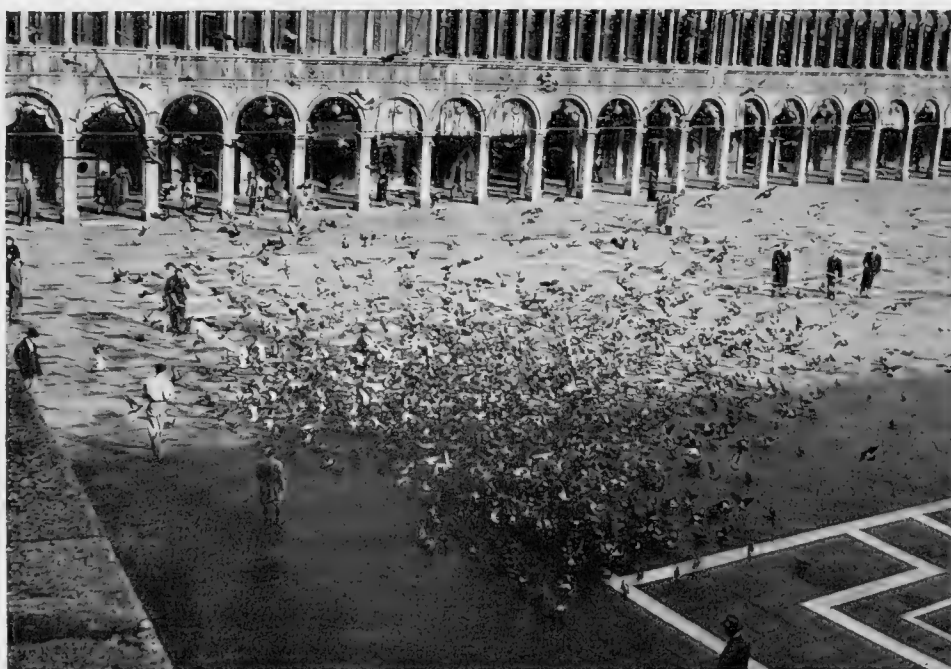
## A ritual at San Marco

A PHOTO-STORY BY CORNEL LUCAS

IN OLD VENICE, where at Eastertime the stream of visitors begins again, the dogs are muzzled by law and the rats are hunted by official rat-catchers. But the pigeons fly free and prosperous. They swarm over the great piazza of San Marco, where their forebears were first brought from Constantinople about 1,200 years ago. In those days they were regarded as sacred symbols, and were allowed the liberty of flight only on saints' days. Later they were trained as carrier pigeons, for use in the city's great medieval trade. During the last century Venice was for 12 months under siege by the Austrians, and the city was swept by plague which almost wiped out the birds.

Today they are established by the thousand, a delight to tourists and a support for the corn-sellers (100 lire a bag). But who feeds the pigeons in the long winter months? What happens when tourists are sparse? Emilio Zangrando (top left) makes sure that the birds never go without a meal. The municipality employs him to feed the pigeons. Each day of the year there is an official feeding-time at 9 a.m. and 2 p.m.

When the first bell strikes in the tall campanile (top right) the birds abandon their aimless wheeling and swoop purposefully on Emilio (right centre). As he empties his sack, walking round the square, they pounce on the corn, forming a busy, fluttering, tidy queue in his wake. This feeding-time ritual has been going on for 80 years.





# Cocktails for a coming- out



Many cocktail parties are now being given for débutantes in this last Royal season. Mrs. A. Croker-Poole and the Hon. Mrs. A. MacDonald gave a joint one at the Cavalry Club for their daughters (above), Miss Sally Croker-Poole and Miss Victoria Nicholson



The party followed the presentation of the two girls to the Queen. Above: Miss Rosamund Hambro, daughter of Mrs. Alan Hambro, of the banking family, and Mr. Anthony Haden-Guest, grandson of Lord Haden-Guest



Mr. Anthony Morse, the brewer, with Miss Donna Chettle, who wore a red dress. She is the daughter of Mrs. James Chettle



Miss Melanie Lowson, daughter of the Hon. Lady Lowson, and Mr. John Cobbold, member of a merchant banking firm



Capt. Noel Shuttleworth, Scots Guards, with Miss Sally Nelson, who is Lady Jane Nelson's daughter



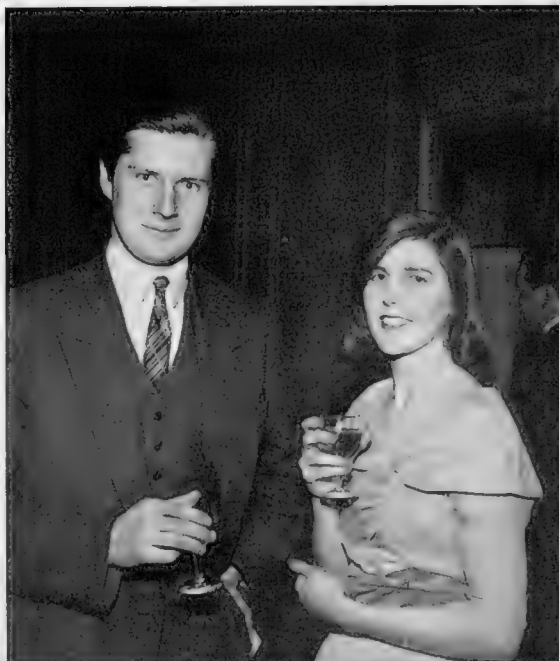
Miss Sally O'Rorke, daughter of Mrs. Clare O'Rorke, with Mr. Shane Summers

Miss Davina Nutting, daughter of Lady Rosemary Rubens, and Mr. Rupert Bromley. There were nearly 300 débutantes and their friends

Mr. Miles Napier, who works for an insurance firm, with Miss Mary Groves, wearing an oyster-coloured dress

Mr. Jeremy Peel with Miss Auriol Stevens, the daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Barry Stevens

Desmond O'Neill





## DEBS OF FOUR NATIONS



FROM FRANCE. French girls were among the débutantes of several nations presented to the Queen at this year's final presentation parties. Above, Mme. Chauvel, wife of the French Ambassador, with some of the girls she presented, including (l. to r.) Mlles. France Motte (nearest camera), G. de Chayla, Eliane de Miramon, Françoise Bouchend Homme, Michele Lebedinsky, Elizabeth de Miramon, Helen de Bosmelet, Chantel de Maigret, Michele de Tarragon, Elaine Bertholon, Claude de Castries, Daniele Fordeille and Nell de Roquefeuil

## A day out for Grimalkin

by PRISCILLA IN PARIS

THE Cat Club—*Cerle Félin de Paris*—held its annual court at the Salle Wagram last week.

A most elegant gathering. Not such a tweed-and-woollies affair as at a dog show; also more dignified and certainly less noisy. No hurried, last-moment ministrations of brush and comb such as are needed for Skye terriers for example. Cats seem to stay "put" once they are groomed and their miaows are musical. Of course, I am not thinking of the yowls that sometimes come from prowlers on the garden walls and roof-tops when, in springtime, Grimalkin's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

Many famous cats were present. M. and Mme Jean Barreyre's lovely Siamese, H.S.H. Prince Amok; Mrs. Gould-Minot's grey Persian, Rahat Loukoum; M. Fred Bretonnière's Neptune, who usually lives on his master's yacht and is shortly starting on a cruise to the Windward Islands and, most famous of all, Gentilhomme de la Fortelle, who belongs to Jean Anouilh. I am not quite sure whether Gentilhomme is famous in his own right—the awards had not yet been given—or whether it is the fame of his dramatist-owner that is reflected upon him.

The Salle Wagram, where the show is held, is the ugliest hall in Paris. It is gloomy, its passages and stairs are dreary, and the fact that it has a certain historical value is no excuse. It was built in 1812, three years after the battle of

Wagram. Perhaps, in those days, it was hung with rich, emerald green velvet embroidered with the golden bees of the First Empire, but the place was rebuilt in 1865 and I can easily believe that the dull red paint now covering the walls dates from then! Boxing matches, basketball contests, dog shows, political meetings (of every hue!), conferences, charity bazaars, the Four Arts balls, religious revivals and subscription dances take place there. It is called a hall, but it is only a bad habit.

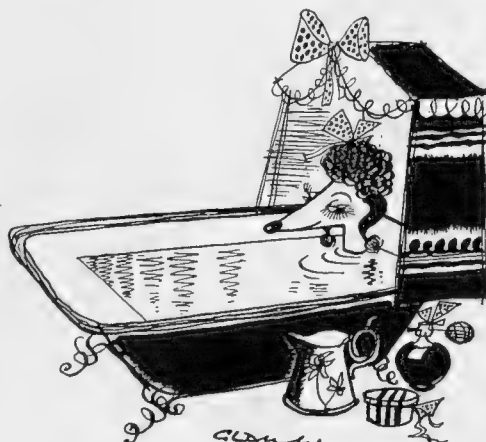
For holiday-making visitors from all over the world Paris is still "the Gay City" but we who

live here sometimes wonder whether "Krazy Kitchen" would not be a more descriptive appellation. These are topsy-turvy times but when the city's fire brigade goes in for a spot of incendiarism and the police force unites to create disorder, we begin to think that something must be done about it! Unfortunately nobody knows how or where to start that something.

It is not for want of trying. Relying on the proven principle that "new brooms sweep clean" France has done her best. All sorts of brooms have been tried, but of recent years they have become as flabby and slippery as boiled macaroni. What is really needed are the kind of bristles that Clemenceau and Poincaré used in the dear, dull, days of yore.

However, since Paris always manages to laugh at her misfortunes, the humorous side of employing the fire brigade, instead of the usual house-breakers, to burn down an insalubrious part of Menilmontant greatly appealed to the *chansonniers* who commented the event in song almost before the evening papers were out. One hopes that Maurice Chevalier, who was born in that part of Paris, and is inclined to go all sentimental about his early years, has not been hurt by the levity that has been shown.

It is not so easy to find humour in the discontent that brought several thousand policemen (most of them in "civvies," be it said)







FROM AMERICA. Walking in the grounds of the U.S. Ambassador's residence in Regent's Park are seven of the transatlantic débutantes presented by Mrs. John Hay Whitney, the Ambassador's wife. They are: the Misses Imogene Shannon Young, Susan Vick, Joan Nichols, Jacqueline Ann Mars, Virginia Lee Marchant, Margaretta Maganani, and Cynthia Hunter



FROM ITALY. As their Ambassador is a bachelor, Italian débutantes were presented by Mme. Gunnar Häglöf, the Italian born wife of the Swedish envoy. The girls included (left to right): Franca Valsecchi, Marilisa Da Schio, Clotilda Vallarino Gancia, Carla Pezzani, Mariolina Panetta, Marinuccia Caron, Lisa Rosselli Del Turco, and Laura Feltrinelli

millling around their headquarters at the Préfecture de Police and the National Assembly where, for once, the Deputies were glued to their seats without even the heart to go to the *buvette* for the French equivalent of a cuppa. The whole very serious question has too many ramifications and goes too deep for laughter, but I would have liked to hear what the few traffic cops who remained on duty and were nearly submerged during the long afternoon when the cars, lorries, omnibuses, taxis and Vespas dashed down on them from uncontrolled points, had to say on the subject of the "extra pay" for "dangerous duties" that the malcontents are so loudly demanding!

The exhibition of paintings that is to be seen at the Musée Galliéra is well worth a visit, but since it is supposed to celebrate "*la Parisienne*" it is misnamed. Such well-known artists as Yves Brayer, Edouard Goerg, Vertès, Lepape, Mac Avoy and Carson have sent in some remarkable pictures of Frenchwomen in every walk of life, but one fails to understand why the charming creatures should be considered typical of the Parisienne. Primarily how is the title given? It is said that a "Cockney" must be born within the sound of Bow Bells. The rule—if there is one—that applies to the Parisienne is not so easily defined, and certainly it is not a matter of birth.

A girl baby could be born in the purlieus of the faubourg St. Germain, reared at the convent of Les Oiseaux, married to a duke and dressed by Balenciaga and yet look like a dowdy country cousin all her life. On the other hand, born elsewhere, the country cousin, arriving in Paris as an adult, may in quite a short time find her-

self considered as a Parisienne by her contemporaries. Whether she is a *grande dame* or . . . the other thing does not always enter the question.

This, of course, argues that one must not deny an artist the right to portray his Parisienne as his fancy dictates. Therefore I am wrong in calling the exhibition ill-named. It explains Mac Avoy's little old ladies, Yves Brayer's opera dancers, Maurice Savin's housewives-at-the-market and even the uncompromising Bernard Buffet's gaunt damsels.

My own fancy turns to the reproductions of famous portraits of many years ago. Jacques Emile Blanche's "*Colette*," complete with Kiki, her beloved cat (or was it Toby-dog? I have forgotten the animal but I remember that she was wearing a very sophisticated looking evening frock in the frilly fashion of 1906). I also like La Gandara's less ornate, full length, life-sized portrait of Polaire who, to quote her admirers, "had the eyes of a gazelle" for all that New York described her as "the ugliest woman in the world"!

Both of these ladies, the great writer and the celebrated actress, were considered as Parisiennes to their finger tips but the former was born at Saint-Sauveur en Puisaye in Burgundy and only came to Paris when she was a young, married woman, and the latter, born in Northern Africa, was seventeen before she set foot in a Paris theatre.

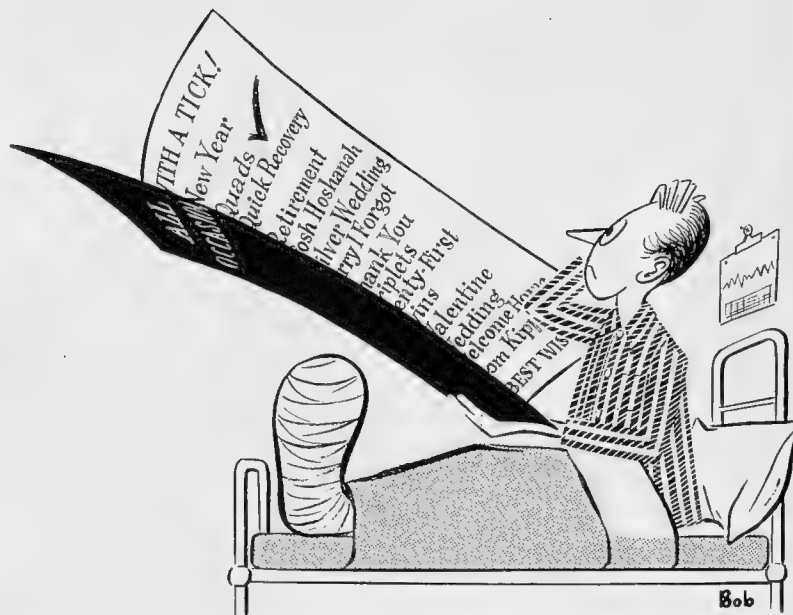
I was surprised not to see a canvas by Jean-Gabriel Domergue at the Musée Galliéra, for he is certainly the Parisienne's favourite portraitist and surely: "He best can paint them who shall feel them most."

FROM BELGIUM. Belgium contributed its quota of débutantes, presented by Mme. Van Meerbeke, the Ambassador's wife. They were (below): Mlles. Beatrice and Cecille Guillaume, daughters of the Belgian Ambassador to France, and Brigitte Cattoir





Easter cards have never really caught on, but here is a card that threatens to become a habit all the year round



## You send your greetings with a tick

by HARRIET LEE

**B**IOGRAPHERS of the future may well curse the telephone, which, with its overwhelming appeal to the bone-idleness inherent in the best of us, has deprived them of so much valuable material. The Bell who rang in the new era of easy communication tolled the knell of letter-writing: it has become almost as lost an art as sampler-sewing, and survives only among those energetic enough to air their opinions in the correspondence columns of our newspapers.

Letters appearing in print are of little use to the earnest biographer: they are read by millions. He is not interested in views already made public—he is after the private and intimate, the love letters, the revealing, tender, conciliatory, denunciatory, defensive, apologetic letters, never seen by other eyes than the writer's and the recipient's. They exist today only as a rarity. We breathe our love and bellow our anger into the telephone—and there's an end of it.

But while he is cursing the telephone, the future biographer might well spare a damn for the latest device cunningly designed to dissuade us from personally committing anything to paper—the "Occasion Card". As far back as we can remember, there have been Christmas, New Year and Easter cards—welcome trouble-savers in preserving contact with family and friends, dispatched with relief and received with pleasure. All the same, until recently we found it imperative, from time to time, to scribble a little note to *somebody* or other.

The Occasion Card relieves us of this tiresome obligation: there is one to cover every eventuality, from the birth of a baby to the death of a grandfather. Do we detect an American influence in this further simplification of life? Take this card—the one I have carries the portrait of a despondent and jaundiced-looking giraffe, and the text reads: "It's been a long time—I sure wish I could see you." That, we feel, *sounds* American. We also feel that anybody who sent us this card would have to wait an even longer time for the pleasure of our company.

We are not sure how we would react to a card received on the announcement of our engagement, bearing the gushing legend: "You're Engaged! How Wonderful!" It is doubtless well-meant—but isn't there a note of astonishment about it which is something less than flattering? We do not know at all what to make of the card that says simply "I know just how you feel." For whom is this intended? The winner of the Derby—or the man whose wife has run off with his best friend? It could mean anything and is thus eminently useful and doubtless much in demand.

No longer need we write a congratulatory letter to friends who have had a baby (boy, girl or twins), retired from their business or profession, recovered from an operation or received a knighthood: an Occasion Card will take care of that.

Is it a question of bereavement? Well, here's a pretty little card with a wreath on it to express (with what conviction we can't say) our "Heartfelt Sympathy."

Has George been involved in a car crash? Send him this jolly card showing a heavily bandaged hospital patient with limbs strung up on an arrangement of wires and pulleys and urging him to "Buck up, Old Man! Things could be worse!" It should act upon him like a shot in the arm—or, anyway, increase his blood-pressure.

Twenty-first birthday cards come in a wide variety and range from the jocular to the sentimental: if accompanied by a really expensive present, they will doubtless prove acceptable. There are birthday cards for people of all ages, addressed to Mummie, Daddie, Auntie, Uncle (why not Uncle?), Grannie and even Nannie—and if you have a bad memory about such things, a card depicting a small, contrite elephant confessing with tears "I *did* forget" and conveying "Belated but sincere good wishes for your Birthday" should put matters right.

Best of the bunch, though, is the comprehensive, all-purposes Occasion Card which enables you to cope with any situation "in a tick, with a

tick." Beside each item on an alphabetically-arranged list which starts with "Anniversary" and ends with "Yom Kippur" is a little box. Scratch a tick (with a pin) in the appropriate box, buy yourself a rubber signature-stamp to slap on after "With Best Wishes from..." and an addressing machine to deal with the envelopes—and Bob's your uncle. You need never set pen to paper again—and we hope your friends and relatives love you well enough to be pleased that they are causing you no exertion.

While rejoicing in the thought that life is being made so much easier for human beings, we note with concern that it is becoming harder for cats. A veterinary report brings us the distressing news that the poor darlings suffer in their thousands from slipped discs. A Siamese of our acquaintance confirms this—adding, with a contemptuous expression in its beautiful blue crossed-eyes, that they don't make half the fuss about it that humans do.

Bearing in mind their fortitude, how we should cherish the brave creatures! But, apparently, we don't. Our attitude towards them is alleged to be growing more and more unfeeling. Pining for love like any five-times-married heiress, sensitive cats fall a prey to melancholy and miaow quietly in corners. In the absence of psychiatric treatment (and there seems none to be had for unhappy felines) they sometimes go to desperate extremes and leave home.

Must they roam the streets in search of some kind person who will provide them with the affection and the fish they crave? It looks like it—for, according to information reaching us this very day, they can no longer run away to sea. Since modern fumigation methods have eliminated ship's rats, cats are, as Beatrice Lillie used to sing, "Not wanted on the voyage". Oh, dear! Oh, dear! It certainly is a dog's life to be a cat. Excuse us: we are off in quest of a commiseratory Occasion Card inscribed "To Poor Pussie"—and if there is not one to be found at the moment we are sure there will be as soon as it's known that a demand exists.



THE TATLER  
& Bystander  
2 April  
1958  
23

Van Hallan

## A dancer turns carver

STANISLAS IDZIKOWSKI was renowned as a dancer with the Diaghilev ballet. He is still well-known as a teacher of ballet. Now Mr. Idzikowski has developed another skill, and his remarkable attainment was shown in an exhibition at the Royal Academy of Dancing. The miniature models on this page, all carved by Mr. Idzikowski, were put on show there, and Margot Fonteyn (above, with Mr. Idzikowski) performed the opening ceremony.

The coach (top right) is carved in beech and birch and lined throughout with silk. The Windsor chairs are each about three inches high. The piano, carved from solid mahogany, has keys of real ivory. The Milan Cathedral façade uses twelve different woods, has ninety-two figures, and lights up inside. Below: A model of a Gothic organ, which was carved by Mr. Idzikowski from plans his father used in designing the original.







THE  
TATLER

# At the Grand Military



Major and Mrs. C. D. Blackett and their débutante daughter Miss Lucinda Blackett, from Halton Castle, Northumberland, were among the spectators



THE GRAND MILITARY MEETING AT SANDOWN PARK on March 21 was attended on the first day by the Queen, the Queen Mother (above), and other members of the Royal Family. The Queen presented the trophy to the winner

of the Grand Military Gold Cup. Miss Merle Ropner (right), daughter of the Queen Mother, and Miss Karen Player (left), daughter of the Queen, were among the spectators. Miss Player is the daughter of Mrs. Stephen Player

Miss Merle Ropner, a 1957 débutante, and Miss Karen Player, who is a 1958 débutante. Miss Player is the daughter of Mrs. Stephen Player

Lady Chesham, wearing a grey jacket against the





and Cl race, Captain Sir Nicholas  
t, this Stalbridge Park). Lord  
also the Blues, rode Topper  
Pent Hunter's Steeplechase



Desmond O'Neill

ey (t, was accompanied by her  
Cavish, who wore a fur-lined  
t thitter wind

Mr. Hugh Dawnay, who is in the 10th Hussars, with Miss Heather  
Hawker, step-daughter of Col. S. V. Kennedy of Cowdray Park,  
and Miss Tessa Maxwell

Major and Mrs. W. S. P. Lithgow. This Sandown meeting, the biggest  
racing event in the military calendar, attracted many Service  
spectators





## THEATRE

## A morality play in modern dress

by ANTHONY COOKMAN



Richard Caldicot as "the smiling, hard-eyed boss"

**I**N *The Kidders* at the St. Martin's, Mr. Donald Ogden Stewart, the well-known American author, sets himself quite a theme. American life, he suggests, is bedevilled by a false sense of values which elevates commercial advancement and material possessions above human relationships; and the corrupting effects make themselves felt as much in towns of the Middle West as in New York itself. "Keeping up with the Joneses" is the accursed thing in the American way of life.

To one of these Middle West towns comes an attractive, highly competent career girl who has, almost in the course of her secretarial duties, annexed for her lover the vice-president of the corporation. She is in the mood to break a gilded bondage which she secretly resents and to try what love would be like with no Cadillac to keep the running smooth. In the simple home life of her sister she hopes to pick up the moral stimulus she requires. The clean air suggests domestic peace.

She quickly discovers that the clean air is only nature's way of "kidding."

The corporation has a local branch, and her sister has married one of its penny-a-week clerks. A war neurosis, the unlucky diversion of a fortune which he might have inherited and a feeling of general insecurity have made this young man an embittered drunk. In his violent moments he likes playing with a gun. The wife has made

things worse by becoming a reckless amorist.

The first act consists largely of stolen kisses. As soon as a man and a woman are left alone on the stage there seems to be an exchange of kisses with furtive looks over the shoulder. We become a little bewildered in trying to sort out which kisses have a more than passing significance: but, of course, they are all part of the game of "kidding" which the socially insecure are always playing in an effort to keep their real worries below deck. What is really worrying them is the rumour that the New York corporation has decided to close down the local branch. The visit of the vice-president in the company of his secretary is an ominous sign; and it is believed that not more than one of the many employed will be offered a job in New York or elsewhere. This is the anxiety which replaces everybody's habitual facetiousness: it is a sort of desperate fooling about on the edge of a volcano.

Mr. Stewart is out to show that when the blow falls family life in the Middle West may fairly be likened to the life of rats in a cage. But his play curiously misses the effect at which it aims. He is much too ingenious in his plot making. Ingenuity is all very exciting in a play when (as, for instance, in Mr. Priestley's *Dangerous Corner*) the characters are truly in charge at every turn of the adroitly tangled situation. Mr. Stewart is scarcely less ingenious than Mr. Priestley. Yet

though we follow intently the swift unwinding of the complicated tale the people concerned fail somehow to develop human reality.

They remain at the end just what they were at the beginning—the career girl, the neurotic, the silly wife, the human rat, the smiling, hard-eyed boss and the sturdy idealist. This is a pity. The theme is big and real, the situations are tense, the ironic humour is smooth and effective. The creatures of the plot have given us good sport, and it is sad that we shall (I suspect) soon forget all about them. Mr. Stewart, obviously, is immensely clever. There is such a thing as being too clever.

The company do extremely well with this tricky material. Although the heroine is kept much too busy furthering the ingenuities of the plot, Miss Faith Brook succeeds in giving an attractive account of the career girl dumbly dissatisfied with a materialistic view of life. Mr. Lyndon Brook cleverly keeps the somewhat inadequately explained neurosis of the husband in a state of semi-humorous tension and rises well to his final breakdown.

When the wife is brought to a glum recognition of her own second-rateness Miss Betty McDowall does credit to the well-written scene, and Mr. Dermot Walsh is good throughout as the chief "kiddier" whose jokes never come off but are all the more amusing for that.



**THE KIDDERS** (St. Martin's Theatre). This American play exploits the clash of ideals that occurs when Big Business and material advancement supersede human relationships. In this exposé all the types are given their due, from (left to right) the silly wife (Betty

McDowall), to the human rat (amusingly acted by Dermot Walsh), from the career girl looking for moral sustenance (Faith Brook) to the sturdy idealist (Gordon Tanner), and the neurotic (Lyndon Brook), husband of the silly wife. Drawings by Glan Williams

New  
on stage  
and screen



DRAMA on the screen will be provided by Kenneth More in a film of the Titanic sinking, *A Night To Remember*, based on the book by Walter Lord



COMEDY on the stage is played by Athene Seyler (centre), Michael Shepley and Elspeth Duxbury, in *Breath Of Spring*, a new play at the Cambridge, London, by Peter Coke ("Paul Temple" in the radio serial)



## CINEMA

# The old Adam in New England

by ELSPETH GRANT

WHATEVER you may find to criticize in Mr. Mark Robson's film version of Miss Grace Metalious's sensation novel, *Peyton Place*, you will have to admit that the background is convincing. It is, in fact, a real New England small town—and very pleasing it looks, with its wide, spotless streets and its trim white houses basking in the sun. Mr. Robson tells me the local inhabitants had no objection at all to his making the film there: they were, it appears, very happy about it. One can only assume they had not read the book. Or, perhaps, they felt Mr. Robson could be trusted to be kind.

The town Miss Metalious describes is packed with odious people—malicious gossips, moral cowards, unethical and suspicious parents, wretched and rebellious 'teenagers, a whole boiling of just the people one would hate to live among, no matter how charming the town seems on the surface, and no matter how full a range of what are known as modern conveniences could be available.

Well, Mr. Robson (abetted by his scriptwriter, Mr. John Michael Hayes) has been kind. He has taken most of the poison out of *Peyton Place*: its citizens are now merely misguided instead of downright mean—and when two hours and thirty minutes of screen time have slipped by, hearts of gold can be heard beating in the unlikeliest breasts. By then, you will have sat through a rape, a miscarriage, a suicide and a murder—but these have been handled with such discretion that even the censor doesn't find them too shocking: at any rate, he has given the film an "A" Certificate, which means that you can take the children to see it if you're so inclined.

Mr. Robson's sympathies are clearly with the 'teenagers who, misunderstood, bossed and victimized by their elders, do seem to have the dickens of a time. Miss Diane Varsi, an attractive newcomer, suffers from an over-vigilant mother—Miss Lana Turner, whose own unfortunate past inclines her to fear for her daughter's future: the revelation that she is an illegitimate child drives Miss Varsi from home.

Young Mr. Russ Tamblyn has Mum-trouble, too: the son of a neurotically possessive widow, he joins the paratroopers on the outbreak of war—hoping for a quick death, as the only escape from her apron-strings. Mr. Barry Coe comes up against his father, Mr. Leon Ames, when he wants to marry the girl of his choice, Miss Terry Moore, a somewhat flashy young person. "Have an affair with her, but don't marry her," is Mr. Ames's coarse advice—and he is livid when the honourable boy defies him.

Miss Hope Lange gives a beautiful performance as the most tragic of all the 'teenagers. She is raped by her drunken step-father, Mr. Arthur Kennedy. Her mother, Miss Betty Field, unable to bear the shame of it, commits suicide. Mr. Lloyd Nolan, the local doctor, rallies to Miss Lange's aid. He sees her through her miscarriage and, when she is subsequently put on

trial for murdering Mr. Kennedy, he speaks stoutly in her defence.

Soundly trounced in court by Mr. Nolan, the citizens of *Peyton Place* meekly accept the blame for the unhappiness of their young, and, assuming contrite expressions, patently resolve to be kinder in future. The long film ends on a note of, I should say, wholly unjustified optimism.

Mr. Jack Hawkins gives a quite superb performance as an amiable, over-worked C.I.D. Chief Inspector in *Gideon's Day*—a very well written film (Mr. T. E. B. Clarke is the author of the screenplay), admirably directed by Mr. John Ford. In the course of twenty-four hours, Mr. Hawkins is called upon to cope with a pay snatch, a detective sergeant suspected of taking bribes, a hit-and-run killing, a child-murdering maniac, an informer whose life is threatened by a razor-gang, and three nasty Mayfair boys—amateur criminals who kill a night clerk, in an attempt to rob a Safe Deposit.

I may have overlooked a few of his minor jobs, but you will gather, any way, that Mr. Hawkins is kept pretty busy. There are any number of excellent supporting performances, of which I must not omit to mention Miss Marjorie Rhodes as the stricken mother of a murdered child. Mr. Cyril Cusack as the sly little informer, Mr. Jack Watling as a muscular parson, and Mr. Andrew Ray as a zealous young copper with a genius for putting his foot in it. Scotland Yard seems a trifle understaffed, but the general impression created is that our policemen are wonderful—and that there is nothing much wrong with British films, either.

If you enjoy a good cry, you will enjoy *Innocent Sinners*—a formidable tear-jerker, based on Miss Rumer Godden's novel *An Episode Of Sparrows*, and directed for the last ounce of pathos by Mr. Philip Leacock. A plain little girl, Miss June Archer, living in Pimlico, has a craving for colour and beauty: to satisfy it, she makes herself a little garden on a bomb site. A band of small hooligans, led by tough Master Christopher Hey, promptly destroy it.

Master Hey is not really bad at heart, and when he realizes the distress he has caused Miss Archer, he gruffly volunteers to help her build another garden in a better spot—a bombed-out churchyard. Needing earth for their project, they steal some from a neighbouring square—and that's how they get into hot water. Fortunately there are some kindly grown-ups around—among them Miss Flora Robson and Mr. David Kossoff—to provide a happy ending. Any sparrow viewing it will find tears of joy running down his little beak—and even I had to grope for a handkerchief.

I confess that what I like most about this picture is the completely unsentimental relationship between the boy and the girl: they accept one another, with the matter-of-factness of a long-married couple, and their exchanges are frequently astringent, never sloppy. It is most refreshing.



## BOOK REVIEWS

## A blind author's novel—with a blind hero

by ELIZABETH BOWEN

FROM Denmark comes a memorable novel by Karl Barnhof. He holds an outstanding place in the musical and creative life of his country: he is among Denmark's best violoncellists, is a radio artist, a critic and commentator of wide repute, and has edited a Copenhagen newspaper; and what comes to hand is not his first work of fiction. Karl Barnhof is stone-blind.

Blindness, and its slow onslaught on a boy, is the subject of *The Stars Grow Pale* (Methuen, 16s.). The story is told in the first person: that it is autobiographical one does not doubt. Are we, then, to imagine a tale which is wholly sad? On the contrary—Mr. Barnhof, in reproducing the semi-miraculous world of childhood, makes the shadow creeping up on the boy, seem to be that of an enemy he *can*, somehow, vanquish. The book is a thing of beauty, tenderness and, at times, humour; which has, too, a strong, adventurous streak. Moreover it is a picture, luminous and detailed, of life in a little Danish provincial town.

The attic flat, overlooking a railway, might be an interior of Hans Andersen's. But there is, alas, no Gerda for this Kay: the neighbouring girl he could love, rebuffs his advances. The boy is already set apart from his fellows by a clumsiness due to his failing sight—a handicap which, for a long time, neither parents nor teachers have dared to recognize. He takes refuge (as children marked by an oddness so often do) in an inner, exciting, world of his own, and in friendships with equally off-beat characters: the eccentric old drunk in the forest hut, who lives on baked potatoes and draughts of brandy, and Uncle Anton, a born tramp.

The child's parents are in themselves a study: Mother sometimes cautiously utters a few words, tinged by piety; Father (a wonderful character!) all but never. Mother, for a great part, maintains the family by pasting innumerable paper bags; Father, less able to concentrate, lives by casual labour. Yet a passionate respectability is kept up: in view of this it is trying when Grandmamma, distinctly un-house-trained, arrives from Sweden. This old lady—who has invited herself with the intention of dying immediately, but who fails to do so—is a masterpiece, also.

To enjoy, indeed to delight in *The Stars Grow Pale* does not, as I see it, stamp one as heartless. The author clearly intends that one should do so. What is saddest is that the parents' poverty accounts for their slowness in facing the boy's danger—taken in time, his sight could have been saved! But throughout, the stress is on the sublime blend of pride and courage with which the "I" embraces his lonely destiny: to *him*, it comes to be a vocation. His rewards are the hints of genius to come: by the end we know, as he does himself, that he is to develop into a fine musician. Leaving behind the world of imperfect sight, he is to enter the universe of pure sound. . . . The English translation is Naomi Walford's first-rate work.

The new May Sarton novel, *The Birth Of A Grandfather* (Gollancz, 15s.), should, in particular, speak to those of us who are hesitating into our middle years. "We start from scratch at each of the different stages of life" is a (*rough!*) translation of the *La Rochefoucauld* saying the author quotes—in fact, how hard it is to make the transition, onward from one generation into the next, for each of us comes to the borderline unprepared. Here is the tale of a marriage, in which the wife suffers because the husband still, inwardly, shrinks from being an older man. The two love each other: till lately they have been happy. He has great integrity; he is attractive, clever and well-liked; *outwardly*, he is a fully responsible member of society. Circumstances have, however, combined to preserve in him a protracted boyhood.

Many Englishmen, it is complained, do never grow up. And by Miss Sarton's showing, this is no less true (in fact, it would seem, possibly truer) of gently bred, well-educated New Englanders. John P. Marquand has studied this American type; Miss Sarton does so from the feminine angle—how unstable, though endlessly kind, they may be as husbands, how touchy and unsure of themselves as fathers! Sprig Wyeth, the man in this novel, is made uneasy by the growing-up of his children: Caleb and Betsy, both now in their early twenties, show signs of the fuller maturity *he* has failed to reach.

Frances Wyeth, the delightful wife, has her own problems: though she is forty-five, *joie de vivre*, impulsiveness, girlhood bubble up in her still. She feels, however, that her and Sprig's marriage is being cheated, somehow, of its fruition, surely the time has come, now, when hand-in-hand they should fearlessly take the next step forward: not yet *old* age, but "age" of a sort? . . . Young Betsy marries, early on in the story: in the course of a few months comes her announcement—the Wyeths must face up to becoming grandparents.

This scene, and Sprig Wyeth's reactions, is one of the many in which Miss Sarton has sharply pointed, and brings home, the moral of *The Birth Of A Grandfather*. . . . The settings (the family holiday house on the island, the comfortable town home in Cambridge, Mass.) have the intimacy one associates with May Sarton: poet-novelist with an unfailing eye for all that is eloquent in domestic things.

*Lord Chatham And America* (The Bodley Head, 30s.) is the third and last volume of O. A. Sherrard's biography of the first Lord Chatham—better known to history as William Pitt, the elder. This is the final, and tragic, phase of one of England's mightiest statesmen: throughout the book, which is written with great restraint, runs the vain struggle to avert the loss of the American colonies.

This book is close writing, not for the idle reader. But no one having at heart the bond between us and America, in the world today, ought to shrink from examining the less happy past.

Lord Alanbrooke's bird-watching expedition to Southern Spain (which has roused interest on TV) is reported in a book, out shortly, *Portrait Of A Wilderness*. Left: A hoopoe takes a small lizard to its nest in an empty beehive

## BOOKS IN PICTURES

The Duke of Sutherland (left, with his wife) has published his autobiography *Looking Back* (Odhams Press, 25s.). Prince Chula of Siam, cousin of Prince Bira, is the author of a travel book *First-class Ticket* (Alvin Redman, 21s.). Below: As a child, in his electric Cadillac





# Florentine fantasia



You have to live in the sun to design clothes that are going to look right in it. You need not only brilliant dyes and gloriously woven silks, but the inspiration of a gay, out-of-doors life. So there is no mystery about the Italiaps' post-war success in sweeping two hemispheres with their holiday clothes. Their miles of sunburnt beaches, their tradition of design reaching through the centuries, and their abundance of individual craftsmen—these provide the answer. Leading London stores now import direct from the Italian houses, who show their exciting collections twice a year in the Pitti Palace in Florence. The holiday clothes on these and the following pages are in our shops and will no doubt soon be on their travels again.



Michel Molinare

With all Florence at her feet (opposite) she wears a blouse by Glans of Milan in brilliantly-striped woven cotton. At Simpsons, Piccadilly. Price: 15 gns. Simpsons have a wide selection of Italian beach hats similar to the one shown here

Multi-coloured stripes again (left) from Glans of Milan for an over-shirt and (not shown here) bra and shorts in the same material. This cotton three-piece together costs 15 gns. and is part of the Italian collection at Simpsons, Piccadilly

A printed-silk shirt (above) with a design of warring Tartars in brilliant colours from Glans of Milan. Worn here with black velvet shorts and a gilded-leather casque. Simpsons have it in several brilliant colour combinations (12 gns.)



## For the Piazza— the Picasso touch



Lo Scarrabochio are a new house in Florence. Their designer, Romaine Georgini, is English-born and is the daughter of Viscountess Monsell. Her husband is the son of Signore Georgini, who as organizer of the bi-annual fashion shows in Florence has done more than anyone to make Italian fashion flourish. Lo Scarrabochio's (the doodle) designs have been bought by several London stores, notably Simpson's and Woollands. A cotton beachtop worn over a matching bikini with a provocative medieval cloister-and-monk design. At Woollands, Knightsbridge. Price: £11 19s., available mid-April



Italian designers, working in their ancient cities, keep up with the contemporary scene. Myricae of Rome choose surrealist inspiration for their playclothes. Their sunsuit in scarlet linen is hand-embroidered with birds in black wool. The shirt (15 gns) is at Harvey Nichols, who also have the straw hat with its pigtail. Fishes hanging on a line are appliquéd on to this pink-and-white striped shirt and its tall straw hat, also by Myricae of Rome. Both linen shirt (11 gns) and coarse straw hat are at Harvey Nichols







A strong influence of ancient Rome in these Dolcis sandals in black glacé, with a cork wedge and coloured stones. Price: 27s. 11d. at Dolcis's West End shops



An ingenious sandal in yellow leather with a golden belt anchoring it to the foot between the toes. From Saxone's main stores. Price: 39s. 11d.

To go with the sandals: From Glans of Milan a white cotton two-piece, shirt and shorts, with gaily-coloured patches to lift it out of the ordinary into the rare. At Simpson's, Piccadilly. Price 13 gns. They have a large selection of Italian straw beach hats

## Flattery for the feet

THE SLIP-SLOP of sandals across the terrazzo of a restaurant at aperitif time is part of the Italian scene, like Neapolitan canzone and spaghetti. And in the scorching holiday months sandals are the most practical footwear. If they let the sand in they also let it out. More important, they allow the feet to expand with perfect freedom. On these two pages are this season's sandals—and more of the clothes they go with





To go with the sandals: Myricae of Rome appliqués a huge chintz rose to cotton pants with one pink leg, the other pink-and-white stripes. The top is in matching pale pink cotton. At Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. The jeans: 15 gns. The top: 6 gns.



Easy-to-wear slip-on in black or white, decorated with golden coins, and no fine straps to cut into the feet. At Saxone's main stores. Price: 69s. 11d.



Gamba's "fruit" sandal is held in position by a thong between the big and first toe. It is made in many colours. At Gamba, Dean Street, W.1 and Knightsbridge. Price: £3 5s.



A change from coal black . . . anthracite g



CHOICE FOR  
THE WEEK



# grey

WHEN summer skies are grey—as they so often are—pastels or flowered prints look wrong. What to wear, then, for an important appointment? An appraisal of the wardrobe usually ends with something formal in familiar black. But there is an alternative: anthracite grey. Its possibilities are shown by these two Henri models, both in pure wild silk.

*Left:* A dress with deep pin-tucks, short-sleeved, and worn with a jacket lined with a white silk print patterned with birds. Price about 31½ gns. *Right:* Identical silk but embroidered with medallions in cross-stitch. The dress is sleeveless, the jacket neatly tailored. Price about 32½ gns. Both these two-pieces can be obtained at Marshall & Snelgrove, London and Bradford, and Griffin & Spalding, Nottingham.

The hats are by Otto Lucas, the jewellery by Paris House. The stockings (*far left*) are Morley's 15-denier Chameleon "Blue Pearl," a delicate shade of bluey-grey, toning perfectly with anthracite. The perfume: Lenthéric's Pre Catalan.

Photographs by  
Brien Kirley







Chocolate nest (3s. 9d.), rabbit in egg (3s. 11d.), egg cups with Easter eggs (2s. 6d. each). Marshall & Snelgrove, etc.

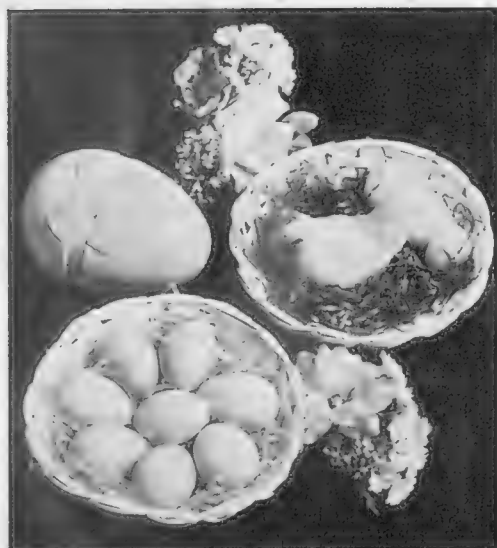
Right: spring flowers arranged in half an Easter egg (approx. £2 2s., according to choice). Fortnum & Mason



## SHOPPING

# Easter novelties

by JEAN STEELE



A plastic mandolin which can be played when the small chocolate eggs in it are eaten (£1 3s. 6d.). Fortnum & Mason



Soap eggs. In a white basket (4s.), in wicker basket with chick (5s.), giant egg (2s. 9d.). Dickins & Jones

Chocolate eggs fill this chick (£2 5s. 6d.), (left) sweep (12s. 6d.), and (right) duck (17s. 6d.). Fortnum & Mason



A "shop" by Van Houten, which will delight children. It contains large and small eggs (4s. 2d.)

The elephant (15s. 6d.) and the basket of eggs (18s. 6d.) can be had in either milk or plain. Fortnum & Mason



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your feet



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Fashion without tears in

# Vedettes

archmoulded by **Church's**

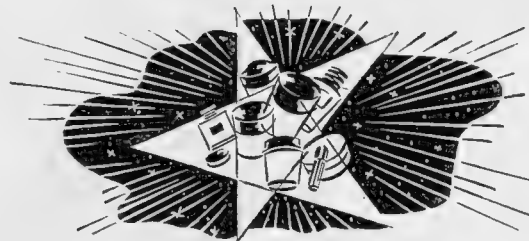
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You can get Vedettes at Church's English Shoes (Babers Ltd.) 299 OXFORD STREET LONDON W.1. Church-Crawshaw, BOURNEMOUTH and branches; A. Jones & Sons, 143 BROMPTON ROAD LONDON S.W.3. and branches; and at other leading shops. For nearest address write, Church & Co Ltd St. James, Northampton.

# Horrockses







"Miss Finland" is a style designed by Alan Spiers for those who like medium length hair. It is cut short at the front, falling sideways in a flick fringe, with brushed away waves. Behind it is drawn into a loose chignon swirl

it for as long as possible (re-heating the towel as it cools) for the oil to soak right in. The results will be most gratifying.

Wind is as bad as sun for drying the skin, and even worse, since it causes a roughness that takes from the beauty of the complexion. This is difficult to cure if allowed to go on without treatment. Plenty of rich skin food massaged well in night and morning is the best thing for ensuring deep nourishment, and a soft texture. If your skin is naturally of the dry type, it is a good plan to give it a course of extra nourishment during the cold weather with preparations specially designed for the purpose. There are various good makes, and if you have a preference for any brand of beauty products, your best plan is to find out what there is in the way of nutritive creams in that particular range.

If you are uncertain what to choose, you may like to have examples of the sort of thing I mean. For the face, there is a vitamin lanolin formula which has a very beneficial action on the skin. The refined lanolin replenishes the skin's moisture, and the vitamin A melts the surface dryness, thus making the texture extremely smooth and soft.

For the throat you can get a penetrative estrogenic oil which feeds the inner skin layer, and restores elasticity. For the delicate skin round the eyes, that tends to wrinkle up during the cold weather, there is a three-fold treatment which is extremely effective for banishing the little lines, and doing away with the crepey look which is so ageing. This treatment comprises a rejuvenating eye cream to be used every night, a herbal eye tissue oil for use by day, and an anti-wrinkle lotion which you can apply whenever you have ten minutes to spare. All these preparations are made by Helena Rubinstein, who specializes in this kind of thing.

Hands need special care to guard them against the cold winds, and the surest way of keeping them smooth is to use a softening lotion during the day, every time after washing, and a rich hand cream at night. An excellent cream for this purpose is one made by Alan Spiers, because it not only takes away roughness and dryness, but also has a whitening effect which is very useful during the winter when the hands are apt to get red.

This cream leaves no stickiness, so it can also be used during the day. It can be bought separately, or in a box containing a pomade, a food for dry and brittle hair, and a lacquer, which is extremely light, and leaves the hair very soft.

## BEAUTY

# Good looks on a windy day

by JEAN CLELAND

**I**n the Midlands they have an expression that I have always found extremely apt. When they see you looking cold, they say: "You look starved."

Next time you come in feeling shrivelled and shivering, take a glance in the mirror, and I think you'll agree that starved is a pretty good description. A very true one, too, because during the winter, starved is just what the looks—meaning the hair, the skin, and the hands—actually are. Cold winds have dried out their natural oils, and what they need to bring them back to beauty is nourishment.

Let us start with the hair. Many people complain that during the cold weather, their hair breaks and loses its gloss. To neglect this is a pity, especially as there are so many excellent ways of correcting the trouble. Most of the leading hairdressers have reconditioning treatments by which the scalp can be nourished, and the hair given a nice gloss.

If you can spare time to have a course of treatments such as these, you will find them well worth while.

Failing that, you can do a lot for yourself at home with nutritive tonics, conditioning creams, and special shampoos. A few hot oil treatments, too, are excellent for counteracting dryness, and if these are done the night before shampooing, there need be no worry about untidying the hair. Indeed, when the hair is "set" on the following day, it will be much easier to "place," having had the oil to soften the ends. Make the oil hot before applying it, then rub it well into partings all over the head with a warm towel, and leave



To aid the hands in the battle against skin roughness these preparations of Alan Spiers, Berkeley Square, W.1, are invaluable. The pomade, hand cream and lacquer are 10s. 6d. each or £1 5s. 6d. together



Yevonde

**Miss Undine Harrison**, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Harrison, of Coldwaltham House, Pulborough, Sussex, is engaged to Mr. S. N. Embiricos, only son of the late Mr. Nicholas S. Embiricos, of Athens, and Mrs. John A. Drayton, of Barbados, British West Indies



**Miss Sally Caroline Gordon**, daughter of the late Major D. W. Gordon, and of Mrs. Gordon, of Drayton Gardens, Chelsea, is engaged to Mr. David Ewart, of Swan Court, Chelsea, elder son of Lt.-Cdr. J. H. Ewart, R.N. (retd.) and Mrs. George Farrar, of Taplow, Buckinghamshire



Lenare

**Miss Marguerite Susan Birnie**, elder daughter of Col. E. St. John and Lady Kathleen Birnie, of Belgrave Place, Pimlico, is engaged to Mr. Jasper Meadows Clutterbuck, son of the late Mr. H. M. Clutterbuck, and of Mrs. Hugh Clutterbuck, of Wooton Place, Woodstock



Pearl Freeman

**Miss Angela Rachel Walker**, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. N. Walker, of Sandford, Wormit, Fife, is engaged to Mr. Jeremy Hugh Dewhurst, of Auchessan, Crainlarich, Perthshire, only son of Lt.-Col. Hugh and the Hon. Mrs. Dewhurst, of Dunkeld, Perthshire



Pearl Freeman

**Miss Elizabeth Webb-Bowen**, only daughter of Col. and Mrs. M. H. W. Webb-Bowen, of Cooden Beach, Sussex, is engaged to Viscount Colville of Culross, eldest son of the late Cdr. Viscount Colville of Culross, R.N., and Viscountess Colville of Culross, of Kincardineshire

## They are engaged



Vandyk

**The Hon. Katherine Elizabeth Palmer**, daughter of the late Viscount Wolmer and the Hon. Mrs. Legh, of Vernon Hill House, Bishop's Waltham, Hants, is engaged to the Hon. David Lawrence Robert Nall-Cain, younger son of Lord and Lady Brocket, of Brocket Hall, Herts



Lenare

**Miss Sarah Merriman**, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh H. Merriman, of Pelham Crescent, South Kensington, is engaged to Mr. Richard E. H. Edmonds, only son of Mr. Eric Edmonds, of The Round House Farm, Lechlade-upon-Thames, Gloucestershire



Yevonde

**Miss Ann Weedon**, elder daughter of Air Marshal Sir Colin Winterbotham Weedon, K.B.E., C.B., and Lady Weedon, of Green Bank, Tutbury, Staffordshire, has announced her engagement to Mr. David Hyde Harrison, of Biddulph Mansions, Elgin Avenue, Maida Vale



## MOTORING

## Are we just too conservative?

by OLIVER STEWART



LATEST VERSIONS of three favourites, all reported to be well received at the Geneva show. Top: Jaguar XK150, with one-piece curved windscreen. Middle: Sunbeam Rapier, with discreet fins at the back and reversion to the old radiator shape in front. Bottom: Vauxhall Victor estate car, a neat version of this useful type, with easy loading

THE Ministry has said it: the number of motor vehicles in use on the roads of Great Britain has risen to 7,427,101. Out of this grand total, cars number 4,186,631. And, as we make our way to the more popular race meetings during the coming months, we can be sure that they will all be on the route to greet us. But what puzzles me and what sent me to the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders' latest statistical review was the decline of the electric car. Out of the 425,355 cars registered for the first time last year, there were only two electric cars. This is a pity since the 4-seater saloon car, constructed on the chassis of an electric delivery van, which I tried some years ago was most economical to run and pleasing to drive.

There are plenty of electric goods vehicles in use and well over 3,000 electric "hackneys" (what, no broughams?), but after a gallant attempt to get into the private car market, the electric seems to have given up the struggle. Such cars have a strictly limited use; but, for town driving in heavy traffic with much stopping and starting, as in shopping expeditions, they ought to appeal. They do not jump when the driver stamps on the pedal, they get left at the lights and they do not make the right kind of noise for those who like that kind of noise; but they are extraordinarily restful, reliable and cheap to run.

Probably it is the innate conservatism of the ordinary motorist which has condemned them, for the experimental electric car which I tested some time ago was a most promising vehicle. But, then, so was the steam car I tested before that and also the diesel-engined car which I ran for two years quite recently. I found it an intensely interesting piece of machinery and an example of first-rate engineering; but I could not stimulate interest for the compression-ignition engine among my friends. They regarded my diesel-engined car as an opportunity for making allegedly funny remarks about the diesel knock when idling, the smell of the derv fuel and for hailing my approach with the cry:

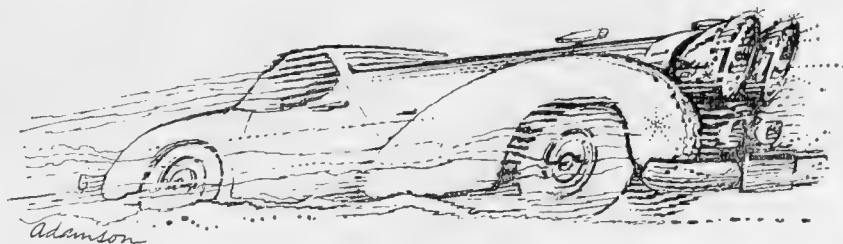
"Taxi!" All this made me despair of ever instilling the pioneering spirit into British motorists.

This distaste for "new-born gawds" is going to make the task of the turbine car difficult when it comes into the market. Report has it that Rover are approaching the moment when they will be able to offer a turbine model to the public. Apart from anything else the turbine car has one outstanding advantage; it has a built-in, integrated automatic transmission system.

It is much to be hoped that when the turbine does come, the conservatism of motorists will not spoil its chances. It has so much to offer in the way of smoothness and increased body accommodation, for the turbine is free of vibration and, for a given power, takes less space and weighs much less than a piston engine. Great efforts are being made by Rover engineers to iron out all possible troubles and they ought to know how to do so as well as anybody, for the company has a long and successful record in gas-turbine work.

As I write there seems to be a good chance that the rumours that Russia would this year send over racing cars to compete in some of the big events will prove correct. A Moscow radio statement spoke of a 2½-litre Kharkov being entered, possibly for Goodwood. I am still in the dark about exactly what kinds of events the Russians are considering; but I am convinced that Russian entries would be the finest stimulus imaginable to public interest in motor sport.

When you look up a hotel in the 1958-59 *A.A. Members Handbook*, you will certainly wish to know whether it is G, NP, hc, etc. (G means garage, NP night porter, hc hot and cold.) But when you go for a three-star hotel, paying two guineas for a room, ought you have to check whether the hotel is LM? LM, I should explain, means that the hotel is "willing to serve hot meals up to 10 p.m." It seems to me that in three-star hotels, LM should be taken for granted. In their future books, the *A.A.* should not, I think, give a hotel three stars unless it is LM.



## While his thoughts are under the bonnet

Please don't disturb him. He's busy falling in love with one of the finest engines ever designed. The engine of the car which always passes him *in top* while he is still wondering whether to change down.

Now he's finding out why. He's in a little private world of high compression ratios, overhead valves and dynamically and statically balanced crankshafts. He's revelling in his discovery of an inspired piece of engineering which will give him surging power plus the kind of m.p.g. that reminds him of his motor-cycling days.

Right now he has only one little worry; that his less mechanically minded partner may not fully appreciate just how fantastically good this Morris Oxford is . . .

## . . . she's got her feet on the ground

. . . But he needn't worry. She's already voted it the car she would most like to be seen in and now she's ticking off *her* list of perfect-car features.

Such as the oh-so-sensible leather upholstery. You only need *show* it a duster and its colours are showroom-bright again. And those wide seats for grandpa to expand in when the kiddies are playing spacemen. And that blissfully deep luggage trunk . . . think of being able to take *all* one's dresses on holiday!

By the time she's found out about the exquisite colour schemes and doors which won't fly open, it won't take any salesmanship from him to persuade her.

Between husband and wife there are moments when words are superfluous. Buying a Morris Oxford is one of them.



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**Villax—du Boulay.** The wedding took place at Lisbon, Portugal, of Miss Diane du Boulay, elder daughter of Major N. H. du Boulay, of Porchester Terrace, W.2, and of Mrs. Isabel du Boulay, of Lisbon, and Mr. Ivan Villax, the Hungarian scientist, who is the son of Professor and Mrs. Villax, of Elfax, Portugal



## Wedding Days



**Kingham—Chance.** Mr. Michael Francis Pakenham Kingham, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Kingham, of Pucks Wood, Finchampstead, Berks, married Miss Ann Chance, only daughter of the late Mr. Edgar P. Chance and of Mrs. Chance, of Ambarrow Wood, Sandhurst, nr. Camberley, Surrey



**Ferguson—Dennis.** At St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, Mr. Duncan Ferguson, son of Mrs. S. D. Ferguson, of Lowndes Close, Knightsbridge, married Miss Beverley Dennis, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. S. E. Dennis, of Oast House, Petts Wood, Kent



**Staveley—Lambert.** Capt. Robert Staveley, Royal Artillery, son of Brig. Robert Staveley, D.S.O., and Mrs. Staveley, of Newfield, Fleet, Hants, married Miss Airlie Lambert, elder daughter of Major-Gen. W. H. Lambert, C.B., C.B.E., and Mrs. Lambert, of Little Redlap, near Dartmouth, Devon

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## DINING OUT

# Sherry with a guitar

by I. BICKERSTAFF

A WINE-TASTING with music took place at the Mandeville Hotel recently, the manager sending out invitations to regular patrons of the hotel on behalf of Rutherford Osborne & Perkins, to introduce the sherries of Duff Gordon of Puerto de Santa Maria: in particular their new dry sherry, Fino FERIA, and a cream sherry which was introduced in this country for the first time.

The Spanish dancer, Piero Torres, who appeared at the Edinburgh Festival in 1956, considerably enlivened the proceedings by performing traditional Spanish dances with his partner, accompanied by a guitar and a flamenco singer.

The Mandeville, which is in Mandeville Place, off Wigmore Street, is one of the Washington group of hotels, which includes such well-known places as the Washington in Curzon Street, and Fleming's and the Green Park in Half Moon Street. It is managed by Mr. Patrick Fitzgerald with Ronald McNaughton as his assistant manager, whom I met from time to time when he was assistant manager of the Mount Royal. It is a coincidence that they first met when they were at the Hotel School at Lausanne together.

Marcel Vann, born in England of Swiss parents, has been manager of the restaurant at the Mandeville for eleven years. The only thing wrong with it is that it is too small, especially at lunch time, to cope with the ever-increasing number of local business people who want to feed there, so book your table. The minimum charge for lunch is 12s. 6d., dinner 13s. 6d. The wine list is comprehensive and reasonable in price, with a lot of information about wines for the ignorant.

Lorenzo Crocè is the chef. Italian-born, he has worked all his life in the restaurants of the West End.

The hotel is a rather peculiar shape, in that it occupies almost one side of the street in which it is situated, having been at one time three or four houses, which have been thrown into one.

It is very well provided with bars, four in fact. There is the Oyster Bar—half a dozen at 8s. 6d. and half a bottle of Chablis '53 at 12s., will start the day off in a fit and proper manner—an American Bar, the Mandeville Bar opposite the entrance to the restaurant, and the Smoke Room Bar, known to all and sundry and far and wide as "Bertie's". Here, Bertie Ely, who in some ways reminds me of John Fothergill, one-time famed innkeeper of The Spread Eagle at Thame, rules in undisputed majesty, serving among other drinks, beer from the wood. He has done so for eleven years.

If one is invited to lunch on board a Greek ship one vaguely imagines that it will consist of the specialities of Greek cuisine. This is what I expected when I went to Southampton to lunch on board the T.S.S. New York which was to take a contingent of British tourists to Tangier, where they were to join the Greek Lines flagship T.S.S. Olympia which was arriving from New York for a large scale luxury Mediterranean cruise.

The T.S.S. New York is by some standards a small ship, but it is well furnished: smart, comfortable, and reasonable in price, with a friendly crew. Captain G. A. Georgiou was in command of the lunch (as well as the ship) and to my surprise, this is what I and the other people at the same table consumed with a great deal of pleasure, because it was of fine quality and excellently presented: Malossol Caviar on Ice Socle; real green turtle soup with old port; Channel Sole Meunière with peas and chips; roast Wicklow chicken, gravy, Dye salad; and pineapple pie à la mode.





## Schweppshire LADS

### COURT NILES

I always thought that Court Niles was unduly influenced by his peculiar name. Had he been called something more deep rooted like Barstone he might have gone on for ever taking ten deep breaths first thing, standing on the escalator of Green Park Underground Station, turning sharp right outside, and giving up smoking till noon in the office where he was Complaints Manager (Real Honey Export Co.).

But his name gave him a sense that he was born for something or other; which had the effect of making him feel that he simply could not leave anything alone.

The first thing he couldn't leave alone was sock drying. Instead of putting his socks on top of the electric heater in the ordinary way, he had a wire frame made which was not only sensible but also looked quite nice aesthetically. That was the awful thing about all his things, they looked quite nice aesthetically. From sock dryers it was an easy transition through buttonless cuffs to a television set which by interrupted invisible eye, housed in unpolished zinc, turned itself on automatically whenever you went into the room. Soon Real Honey itself was being transformed: not only of course by the creation of the Contemporary Hive Construction Co., (which was really only an old office desk under Court's office window covered with cigarette butts) but by the general infiltration of Design in e.g. the very small circular conference table in front of this old desk which Niles placed on some sort of central peg so that it could revolve for some purpose or other (Design in Movement).

Soon of course Niles was experimenting on the building itself with a simple design for avoiding direct sunlight, which was certainly effective on those three days of the year when direct sunlight was proved to have existed. Soon he had re-designed practically everything except the balance sheet, so that after the inevitable bankruptcy of his firm, and of each successive firm he worked for, he actually became Adviser on Town Planning for the Sunpine New Suburb Development Co., whereupon his work was placed so indefinitely far in the future that he was regarded as relatively safe, though he continued to make people personally uncomfortable about the absence of design in what he called "everyday living". Personally I was rather sorry for the old days when Court was bottled up in Real Honey Export.

*Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him*



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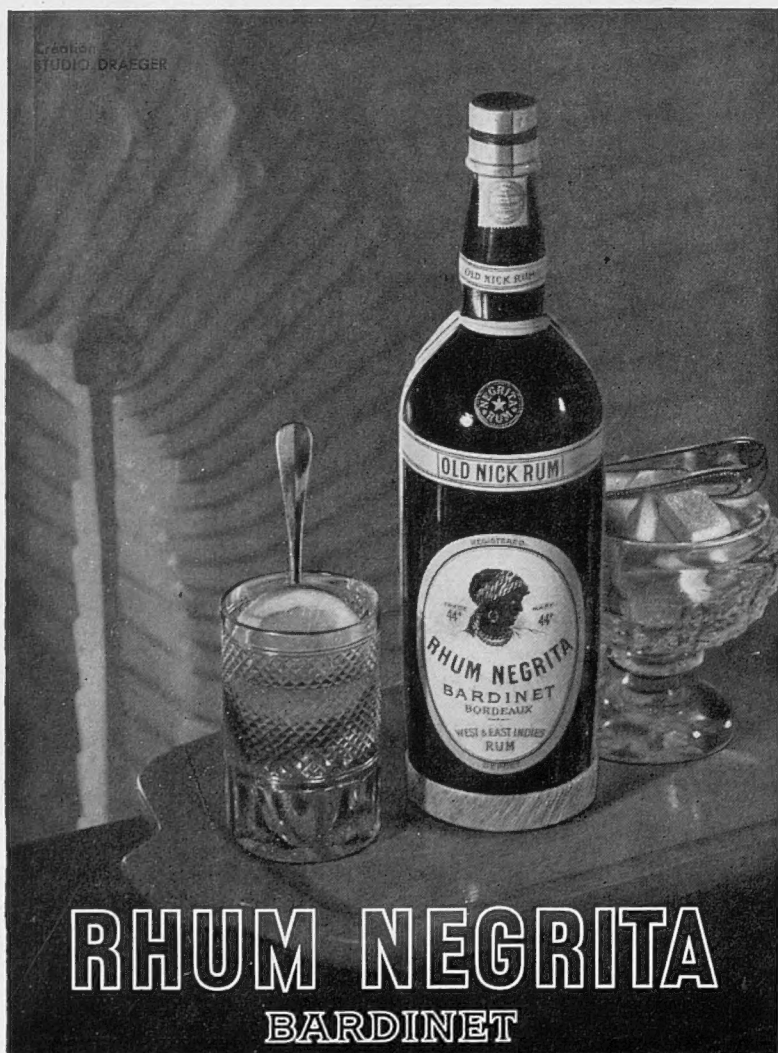


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## DINING IN

# For the unexpected guest

by HELEN BURKE

**I**F the Victorian cook in the large household, with her plentiful help in the kitchen, relied on a ham for Easter as well as Christmas, how much more necessary it is for us to have something of the like on hand! Anything might happen. We often talk of the "unexpected guest" but, with so many of our friends driving hither and thither, there is every likelihood that someone will turn up. One can expect, not unexpect.

Well, for my stand-by, I want a nice piece of short back bacon, "boiled". When you shop for it, in one piece, the assistant will be curious. Do not tell him that you want it for "boiling" because, as sure as anything, he will try to sell you a slipper or a corner of the gammon or some other so-called "suitable" boiling cut.

A piece of back bacon, even if it were twice as expensive as it is, would still be an admirable "buy", because it has no bone, cuts as thin as a wafer and is nutty-sweet right to the end, which will be as soft as the first cut and, very likely, end up as the filling for an omelet.

Failing the short back, I suggest a piece of streaky bacon which, curers claim, has by far the best flavour of all. I prefer smoked bacon; you may like it green? If it is very mild, it will not require more soaking than an hour or so to make brushing it easier; if fairly salty, soak it for eight hours. You can generally judge by the colour of the flesh. Nice and pink, and it is mild; darker and with iridescent gleams, and you can be sure that it is salty and may need even longer preliminary soaking.

Place the bacon in a large enough pan, cover with cold water and add a *bouquet garni* and a tablespoon of tarragon vinegar. Bring to the boil and simmer very gently for 20 minutes to the pound and 20 minutes over. At the end of that time, lift up one corner of the skin and gently peel it off. With a sharp-pointed knife, make very shallow lattice-wise cuts on the surface of the fat and press a clove into each "diamond".

Mix together a good teaspoon of dry mustard and 4 to 5 tablespoons of soft brown sugar. Sprinkle half of them over the bacon and place for about 20 minutes in a fairly hot oven to glaze the surface.

Meanwhile, well dry a pineapple ring, per serving. Put them in the grill pan, sprinkle the remaining mustard-sugar mixture on them and glaze under the highest heat to a warm brown.

For a pleasant sauce, pour  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint bacon stock, minus fat, into a small pan and reduce it by half. Add  $\frac{1}{4}$  pint pineapple juice (from the tin) and a drop of caramel or liquid gravy browning. Blend a level teaspoon of arrowroot with a tablespoon of water and stir it into the boiling liquid, when it will clear at once. Serve separately in a sauce boat.

Another way with the bacon is to give it a little longer cooking in the first place—say, 25 minutes per pound. Remove the skin and return the bacon to the stock and leave to become cold. Drain, slip under the grill to crisp very little, then sprinkle with browned breadcrumbs.

It may seem a little early to suggest hot sliced bacon and broad beans. But why not—when we can get canned and quick-frozen beans at any time? The frozen beans must first be cooked, but very little.

Make a good white sauce, using bacon stock and milk, half and half. Add the drained canned beans or cooked quick-frozen ones and heat through. Add a good dessertspoon of chopped parsley.

Hot sliced bacon and cooked leaf spinach go very well. And here is another suggestion: In place of chicory (Belgian endive) which, by now, is on the way out, drain a can of celery hearts or celery sticks. Wrap each in a slice of cooked bacon. Place, side by side, in a rectangular heat-proof dish. Make a good Bechamel sauce, using bacon and celery stock and the usual butter and flour roux. Add a tablespoon of double cream and 1 to 2 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese. Pour the sauce over the bacon-wrapped celery, sprinkle with further grated cheese and brown slowly under the grill—slowly, because the celery must be heated through.



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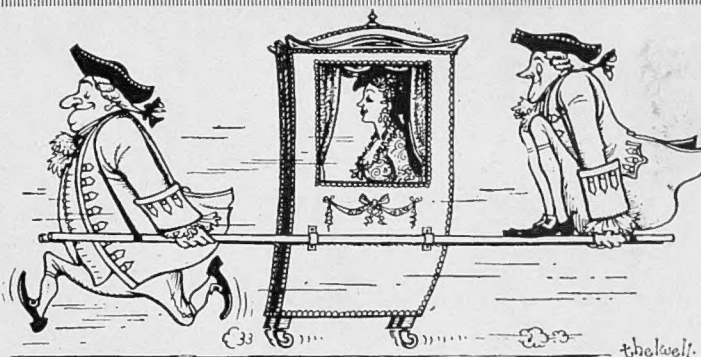
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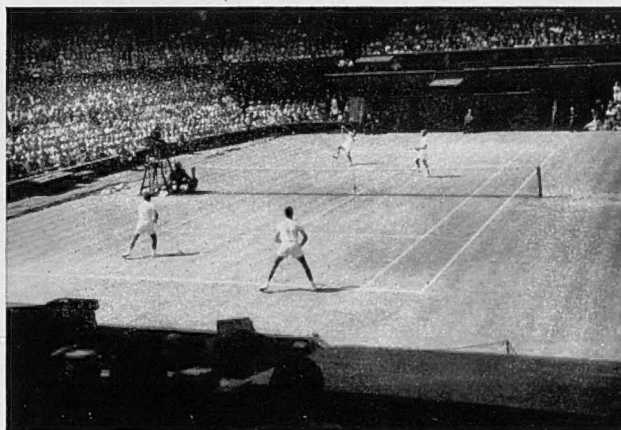
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